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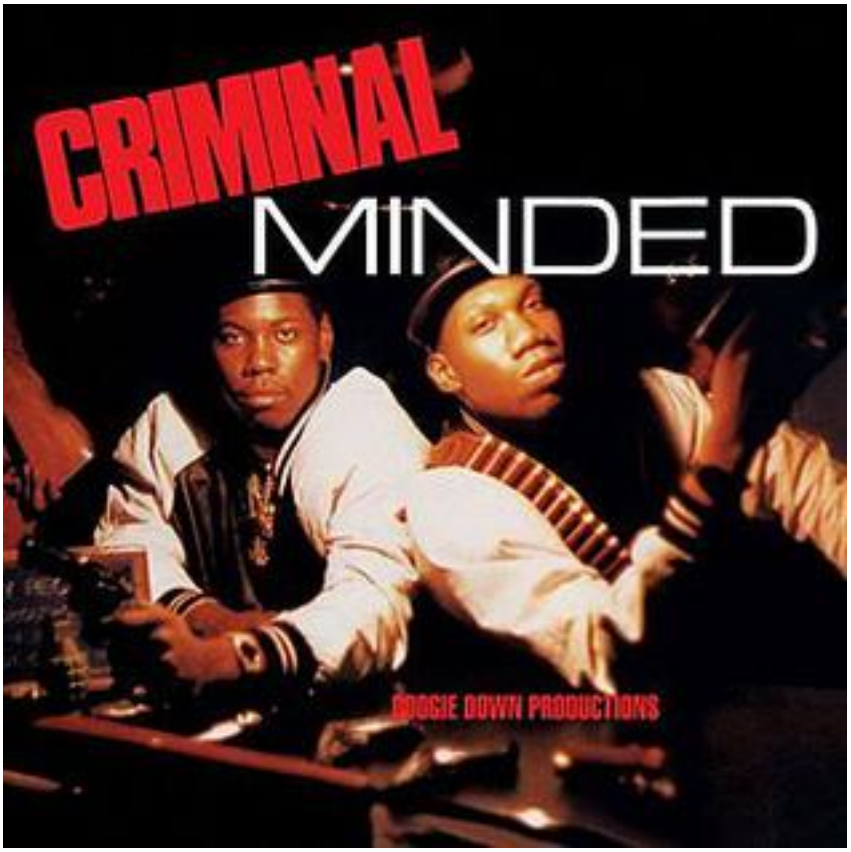

CRIMINAL
MINDED
BOOGIE DOWN PRODUCTIONS

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Poetry"

Verse one: krs-one

Well now you're forced to listen to the teacher and the lesson
Class is in session so you can stop guessin
If this is a tape or a written down memo
See I am a professional, this is not a demo
In fact call it a lecture, a visual picture
Sort of a poetic and rhythm-like mixture
Listen, I'm not dissin but there's somethin that you're missin
Maybe you should touch reality, stop wishin
For beats with plenty bass and lyrics said in haste
If this meaning doesn't manifest put it to rest
I am a poet, you try to show it, yet blow it
It takes concentration for fresh communication
Observation, that is to see without speaking
Take off your coat, take notes, I am teachin
A class, or rather school, cause you need schooling
I am not a king or queen, I'm not ruling
This is an introduction to poetry
A small dedication to those that might know of me
They might know of you and maybe your gang
But one thing's for sure, neither one of y'all can hang
Cause yo I'm like a arrow, and scott is the crossbow
Say something now ... thought so
You seem to be the type that only understand
The annihilation and destruction of the next man
That's not poetry, that is insanity
It's simply fantasy far from reality
Poetry is the language of imagination
Poetry is a form of positive creation
Difficult, isn't it? the point? you're missin it
Your face is in front of my hand so I'm dissin it

Verse two: krs-one

Scott larock is innovating, decorating hip-hop
The beat may drop but not like all the others
They just cover while I just smother
Every single stupid mutha -- wait wait brotha
Krs-one will have to show another
Mc or self-proclaimed king or queen
Or gang or crew or solo or team
That I mean

Business
So tell me what is this?
See I come from the bronx so just kiss this
Boogie down productions is somewhat an experiment
The antidote for sucka mc's and they're fearin it
It's self-explanatory, no one's writin for me
The poetry I'm rattlin is really not for battlin
But if you want I will simply change the program
So when I'm done you will simply say "damn"
So this conversation is somewhat hypothetical
Boogie down productions attempts to prove somethin
I say hypothetical because it's only theory
My theory, so take a minute now to hear me

Verse three: krs-one

So what's your problem?
It seems you want to be krs-two
From my point of view, backtrack, stop the attack
Cos krs-one means simply one krs
That's it, that's all, solo, single, no more, no less
I've built up my credential financially and mental
Anytime I rhyme I request the instrumental
I speak clearly and that's merely
Or should I say a mere, help to my career
I'm really not into fashion or craze
Just the one who pays and how soon I get a raise
You're probably in a daze, acting out of sympathy
Wrote a couple of rhymes and think that you can get with me
But what a pity, I'm rockin new york city
And everywhere else, you put the jams on the shelf
You as an amateur is outspoken
I'm looking at your face, you seem to be hopin
That I might stutter, stop, or just mess up
But everything's live that's why I don't dress up
"blastmaster krs" a synonym for "fresh"
I'm the teacher of the class, I do not pass no test
Got dj scott larock by my side, not in back of me
Cos we make up the boogie down productions crew faculty
Get it right, or train yourself not to bite
Cos when you bite you have bitten, when I hear it, that's it
I do not contemplate a battle cause it really ain't worth it
I'd rather point a pistol at your head and try to burst it

I'm teaching poetry
I'm teaching poetry
Scott larock
We're teaching po-e-try

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"South Bronx"

Scott la rock: yo, wassup blastmaster krs-one. this jam is kickin'
Krs: word! yo, what-up d-nice?
D-nice: yo, wassup scott la rock?
Slr: yo man, we chillin' this funky fresh jam. I wanna tell
You a little somethin' about us. we're the boogie down
Productions crew and due to the fact that no-one else out there
Knew what time it was, we have to tell you a little story about
Where we come from...

South bronx, the south south bronx (4x)

Many people tell me this style is terrific
It is kinda different but let's get specific
Krs-one specialized in music
I'll only use this type of style when I choose it
Party people in the place to be, krs-one attacks
Ya got dropped off mca cause the rhymes you wrote was wack
So you think that hip-hop had it's start out in queensbridge
If you popped that junk up in the bronx you might not live
Cause you're in...

South bronx, the south south bronx (4x)

I came with scott larock to express one thing
I am a teacher and others are kings
If that's a title they earn, well it's well deserved, but
Without a crown, see, I still burn
You settle for a pebble not a stone like a rebel
Krs-one is the holder of a boulder, money folder
You want a fresh style let me show ya
Now way back in the days when hip-hop began
With coque larock, kool herc, and then bam
Beat boys ran to the latest jam
But when it got shot up they went home and said "damn
There's got to be a better way to hear our music every day
Beat boys gettin blown away but comin outside anyway"
They tried again outside in cedar park
Power from a street light made the place dark
But yo, they didn't care, they turned it out
I know a few understand what I'm talkin about
Remember bronx river rollin thick
With kool dj red alert and chuck chillout on the mix
When afrika islam was rockin the jams

And on the other side of town was a kid named flash
Patterson and millbrook projects
Casanova all over, ya couldn't stop it
The nine lives crew, the cypress boys
The real rock steady takin out these toys
As odd as it looked, as wild as it seemed
I didn't hear a peep from a place called queens
It was seventy-six, to 1980
The dreads in brooklyn was crazy
You couldn't bring out your set with no hip-hop
Because the pistols would go...
So why don't you wise up, show all the people in the place that you are wack
Instead of tryna take out ll, you need to take your homeboys off the crack
Cos if you don't, well, then their nerves will become shot
And that would leave the job up to my own scott larock
And he's from...

South bronx, the south south bronx (8x)

The human tr-808, d-nice
The poet, the blastmaster krs-one
The grand incredible dj scott la rock
Boogie...down...productions
Fresh for '86, suckers!
(ha ha ha ha ha)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"9mm Goes Bang"

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la

Buck! buck!

Chorus:

Wa da da dang
Wa da da da dang (ay!)
Listen to my 9 millimeter go bang
Wa da da dang
Wa da da da dang (ay!)
This is krs-one...

Verse 1:

Me knew a crack dealer by the name of peter
Had to buck him down with my 9 millimeter
He said I had his girl, I said "now what are you? stupid? "
But he tried to play me out and krs-one knew it
He reached for his pistol but it was just a waste
Cos my 9 millimeter was up against his face
He pulled his pistol anyway and I filled him full of lead
But just before he fell to the ground this is what I said...

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la x2

Verse 2:

Seven days later I was chillin in the herb gate
But seven days too much when the gossip has to circulate
Puffin sensemilla I heard "knock knock knock"
But the way that they knocked it did not sound like any cop
And if it were a customer they'd ask me for a nick
So suddenly I realized it had to be a trick
I dropped down to the floor and they did not waste no time
They shot right through the door so I had to go for mine
They pumped and shot again but the suckas kept on missin
Cos I was on the floor by now, I crawled into the kitchen
Thirty seconds later, boy, they bust the door down

The money and the sensemi' was lyin all around
But just as they put their pistols down to take a cut
Me jumped out the kitchen, went "buck! buck! buck!"
They fall down to the floor but one was still alive
So I put my 9 millimeter right between his eyes
Looked at his potnah and both of them were dead
So just before he joined his potnah this is what I said...

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la x2

Verse 3:

I gathered all the money and I ran up the block
I said "this is a perfect time to meet with scott larock"
But scott is either psychic or he has a knack for trouble
Cos scott larock showed up in a all-black bmw
I jumped inside the car and we screeched off in a hurry
And scott said "what is wrong? relax, tell me the story"
I said "you remember peter? well his posse tried to kill me
I'm all right now because the sensemi' fill me"
Scott just laughed, he said "i know they're all dead
And just before you pulled the trigger this is what you said..."

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la x2

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Word From Our Sponsor"

Intro:

This is a test
Of the boogie down production
Prevention against sucka mc's
In the event of a real emergency
You would have been instructed
On which jams to play
And how loud to blast your radio
And now, a word from our sponsor

Verse one:

I'm from the bronx, blastmaster krs-one
Provin that my job ain't done until I get some
More, no need to roar or yell
Cos I can still tell what will sell
And would have sold without yellin over a drum roll
That style is old, so unfold
Blossom, bloom, you got the room
So go ahead and consume
A new era, krs-one comes better
Bite another lyric? never
Cos I'm too clever, however
I own my own label
Partners with scott larock, he's on the turntable
And partner lee smith
I'm exercising a true gift just to uplift
Hip-hop, hip-hop
My voice is like a monster
And now a word from our sponsor

Verse two:

Two, three, four, five, sex, seven, eight, nine, ten
I gotta start this rhyme again
How many words can I find that rhyme
And still keep in mind every lyric must come out on time
Not many but I have plenty
Scott larock sent me just to devastate any-
One, any daughter, any son that comes my way
Hey, you got to go the other way
I represent my dj scott larock

D-nice, the beat box
I only wear nike's, not adidas or reeboks
Many people know me, yet I'm known by few
My name is krs-one, son
Not two or three or four or five or six
The mix is on scott larock and scott larock is on the mix

Verse three:

Cool like the air we breathe
Inhale, exhale, perpetrators will fail
As sure as my name is "blastmaster krs"
Sit and listen to the very essence of this tale
From the days of prison I have uprisen
To my family members I'm marked down as missin
Listen, circumstances put me right in the street
With the will to survive, get paid, eat, and sleep
Some weep, or should I rather say some cry
Can't get by so later on they die
Because the strong will survive
The weak will perish
Ignorance is a poison and knowledge will nourish
I love what I got and like what I had
I'm glad, not sad, and I don't even get mad
I get even, myself and some others I believe in
Cos these others are my brothas and perfection we're achievin
Yes, my name is krs, my brother is a rasta
Let me pause, and now a word from our sponsor

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Elementary"

Verse 1:

I hear the same old rhyme, the same old style
The same old runner has ran the mile
See, I don't know exactly what you know
But what I know is that stuff gotta go
Usually when I pick up the mic
Something I'll jumps out my mouth for that night
I like to talk about fact not fiction
I got some fantasy rhymes but just listen
Everything I write is premeditated
Suckas wanna fake it, I just hate it
Bitin routines or sayin somethin kinda weak
My words are comprehended every time I speak
Or have spoken, no I'm not jokin
Please don't sleep, I hope you are awoken
Stop! try this again, you had enough? say when
I am the man with the six-pack of heineken
I get tipsy
But never in your life try to dis me
Cos I don't battle with rhymes, I battle with guns
Knowledge reigns supreme over nearly every one
If you take the first letter of what I just sung
You spell my name "krs-one"
It's elementary

Elementary

Verse 2:

Dj scott larock and i: krs-one
Our mother's first son and no, we'll never run
From complex situations like you t-o-y-s's
Always talkin junk, yet in jail, you're rockin dresses
I have arrived for the purpose of joy
Unlike any ordinary bronx b-boy
I will volunteer my services and launch an attack
On you fake educators with your yakety-yak
This is a fact, the teacher is here now in the flesh
Consistently hounded by you mc pests
If you really want to learn from me
Don't waste time in burnin me
Cos ignorance and inexperience does not concern me

I will emphasize so you will realize and come alive
Never close your eyes, never sleep or you might take a dive
Many people hate me, many people love me
Some are far below me
And you know there's some above me
But this, my hypothesis, to conclude the story
All you fake mc's on a mission, you bore me
I'm the blastmaster krs on the mic
Watchin all these females rock their pants too tight
Cos there's no other creative composition on display
That give a full analysis and rock this way
You will pay, eventually you all will decay
While the dj scott larock will continue to play
Cuttin records, drivin cars, and you'll know who we are
Make a mix just for kicks
And you'll be on our tip
And, oh yes, there's a highlight to the show, of course
You hear dj scott larock (go off! go off!)

(scott la rock) (go off! go off!) x8

Verse 3:

Boogie down productions, no reduction to it's title
If you have a headache, toys, go and take a midol
We have arrived for the purpose of enjoyment
You have arrived to make up for unemployment
You're on it only cos I learned just how to flaunt it
I breathed a rhyme upon you like a sickness and you caught it
Quick, get off the tip, trick, you must be sick
Like a doctor here's my bill, I wrote it out with a bic
Signed my name upon the bottle cos you know I just rocked em
But gettin into battles really isn't my thing
You're probably thinking these are the rhymes for the century
But please don't mention me
It's only elementary

Elementary
All it really is to me and scott la rock...is elementary

Elementary
Elementary

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Dope Beat"

[krs]i got a dope beat?
[all]you got a dope beat
[krs] I got a dope beat..
[all] we got a dope beat
[krs]i got a dope beat..
[all] you got a dope beat
[krs] I got a dope beat!!
[all] we got a dope beat!!

My name is at the top of all of those that mix
I'm turnin poetry into cash for eighty-seven
Some did it got paid, some jams were never played
But I am just a poet who watched the whole parade
Go by, and why? cause they wasn't fly
Others claim to be fresh, but they're not krs
I cannot walk around the street, with my head in the clouds
Either runnin on my gear, or havin colors too loud
Everything must coincide with the way I feel
And by the way, it's scott larock on the wheels of steel
So I take one step, to adjust the mic
I get around the whole city so I do wear nike
I like a funky beat, a studio like unique
I write the crazy fresh lyrics and I don't eat meat
You can look me up and down, and my dj too
Because we make up the boogie down productions crew
Takin out mc's - on the 1, 2, 3
No matter who they claim to be in society
Because we know their games, we have pulled their file
If they need a different style we can get wild
He's i.c.u., he's out to kill
I'm krs, and we get ill
Dj scott larock got his own beat
The extravagant life, is what we seek
I will tell you like this, cause I know for a fact
I will live a long life, and I don't smoke crack
Captivatin the crowd, seven days a week
You know what they told me to say? I got the dope beat

[krs]i got a dope beat
[all]you got a dope beat
[krs]i got the dope beat
[all]we got a dope beat
[krs] I got a dope beat?

[all] you got a dope beat
[krs]i got a dope beat!!
[all]we got the dope beat!!

For me to say again another verse of my rhyme
Means what you heard before must've blew up your mind
So now it's time, to find, poetry like mine
Do not waste all your time because I'm one-of-a-kind
Pullin out, easy goin cause the money be flowin
6'4", brown eyes, and I'm always showin
Stupid mc's on the mic the way it 'posed to be done
They study rhymes all week, but I be rhymin for fun
When they lose they get upset, always pullin a gun
But they will snap out of that, because I'm krs-one
Not two, not three, but o-n-e
Get it right the first time I won't repeat this rhyme
If you think that you can burn me with your amateur ways
Keep in mind that I been out there, from back in the days
I don't braaaaaaaaag, about the people I know
Because they're still bluffin, they're not givin me nothin
I can walk around the city with the rhymes I flaunt
Cause no matter how you front they're still the ones you want
See, I am funky fresh and poetry is my opinion
Takin out you suckers while the scott larock is spinnin!

.. *guitar interlude* ..

My name is krs-one, I'm still kinda young
I don't wear adidas cause my name ain't run
Got nike's on my feet, and to be complete
I can rock an american or reggae beat
Got rhymes for 70's, 80's, and 90's
Not bein conceited but it won't pay to try me
Out to any feud, any battle, any reason
Make the rhymes up every season this style I'm just teasin
Pick up the pace, homeboy, pick up the pace
You're way behind schedule, listen to what I'm tellin you
This particular style may vary
The things I converse about are heard rarely
Some can't bear me, others try to scare me
Soundin intelligent but not yet equivalent!!
You know what? ?

[all]you got a dope beat
[krs]i got a dope beat!
[all] we got a dope beat
[krs] I got the dope beat?
[all]you got the dope beat
[krs]i got the dope beat!

[all]we got the dope beat!
[krs]i've got the dope beat!
[all]you've got the dope beat
[krs]i got the dope beat!
[all]we got the dope beat
[krs]beat that we got? ?
[all] the dope beat!

I.c.u., is in the house...
Miss melodie, is in the house...
Lena love, is in the house...
D-nice, rocks the house...
Gold miss idol, rocks the house...
Flavois walker, turns em out...
40th street black, knocks em out...
To my mellow moses gun, rock the house...
Naughty, bust it out...
Mcboo, turns it out...
Chuck chillout, cuts it up...
Red alert, breaks it out...
Scott larock jr..
My pride and joy...
Krs-one.. his mother's first son
And no he'll never run...
Bd... bd...
Scott larock...
Scott larock

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The P Is Free"

Yes, scott larock you know you rule hip-hop
Yes, mr. lee you can rule hip-hop
And, b-57 you can rule hip-hop
But, krs-one rule it non-stop
When I'm in brooklyn, yes, we rulin hip-hop
When I'm in manhattan, we rulin hip-hop
When I'm in queens, we rulin hip-hop
And when in staten island we rulin hip-hop
But in the bronx, we rulin y'all tonight
But in the bronx, we rulin y'all tonight
We come to rock you whether you're black or you're white
Cos krs-one you know I'm never ? frank?
Come catch a star

The girlies are free
Cos the crack costs money
Oh yeah
I say the girlies are free
Cos the crack costs money
Oh yeah

Ridin one day on my freestyle fix
Jammin to a tape scott larock had mixed
I said to myself "this tape sound funky"
Ridin past the 116th street junkie
Thought I saw denise but I was only assumin
Took another look and that butt was boomin
Did a little trick on my freestyle fix
And I was right beside the girl, she was all on the tip
She said "hi, dj krs"
She kissed me on my neck so I gave her a peck
She said "i'm really in a hurry so I cannot wait
If you give me a life while we ride to the ? bait? "
She jumped on my bike, I said "huh, what's your stop? "
She said "right around the corner to the crack spot
If you buy me a crack I'll know how to act
But if you don't, you might as well step back"
I said "now how the hell we jump off to this?
I'm doin you a favor, I'm givin you a lift"
She said "krs, you know it goes"
I said "yeah, you little.....it seems that you're a hoe"
I did a little trick on my freestyle fix
And she was right on the ground lookin after it

Because...

A girl tried to take my out one day
For a play, not your everyday ? trey?
We walked to the spot, she says she want a rock
I looked in my pocket, didn't have a lot
I said "you better get yourself a job"
She tried to tell me that times were hard
I told the hoe, I said "yo, that's not my fault
You need a vault", I'm out to assault
Any girl I find who try to take my for mine
I'm gonna have to ? pin? it just another time
But...

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Bridge Is Over"

Intro:

I say, the bridge is over, the bridge is over, biddy-bye-bye!
The bridge is over, the bridge is over, hey, hey!
The bridge is over, the bridge is over, biddy-bye-bye!
The bridge is over, the bridge is over

Verse one:

You see me come in any dance wid de spliff of sensei
Down with the sound called bdp
If you want to join the crew well you must see me
Ya can't sound like shan or the one marley
Because shan and marley marl dem-a-rhymin like they gay
Pickin up the mic, mon, dem don't know what to say
Sayin that hip-hop started out in queensbridge
Sayin lies like that, mon, you know dem can't live
So i, tell them again, me come to tell them again, gwan!
Tell them again, me come to tell them agaaain
Tell them again, me come to tell them again, gwan!
Tell them again, me come to te-ell them
Manhattan keeps on makin it, brooklyn keeps on takin it
Bronx keeps creatin it, and queens keeps on fakin it

Verse two:

Di-di di-da, di di-di, dida di-day, aiy!
All you sucka mc, won't you please come out to play, cause
Here's an example of krs-one, bo!
Here's an example of krs-one
They wish to battle bdp, but they cannot
They must be on the dick of who? dj scott larock
Cause, we don't complain nor do we play the game of favors
Boogie down productions comes in three different flavors
Pick any dick for the flavor that you savor
Mr. magic might wish to come and try to save ya
But instead of helpin ya out he wants the same thing I gave ya
I finally figured it out, magic mouth is used for suckin
Roxanne shante is only good for steady fuckin
Mc shan and marley marl is really only bluffin
Like doug e. fresh said "i tell you now, you ain't nuthin"
Compared to red alert on kiss and boogie down productions
So easy now man, I me say easy now mon

To krs-one you know dem can't understand
Me movin over there and then me movin over here
This name of this routine is called live at union square
Square, square, square, ooooooooooooooooooooooo
What's the matter with your mc, marley marl?
Don't know you know that he's out of touch
What's the matter with your dj, mc shan?
On the wheels of steel marlon sucks
You'd better change what comes out your speaker
You're better off talkin bout your wack puma sneaker
Cause bronx created hip-hop, queens will only get dropped
You're still tellin lies to me
Everybody's talkin bout the juice crew funny
But you're still tellin lies to me

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Super Hoe"

[phone ringing]
Scott: yo, kris. I really knocked the boots on those two big-butt
Females last night.
Kris: jeeez!
Scott: yeah, man. I'm on my way down to latin quarter to find two
More freaks...
Kris: word...

[super sperm]

Chorus: repeat 2x

Scott larock had em all
He is the super hoe

[super sperm]

Verse one: krs-one

Scott larock is for now the main topic
Not looking at his cuts or cash flow of the pocket
You may not realize it or you may not know
But, uh... (he is the super hoe)
When I say super I'm not exaggeratin
Datin for a guy like scott turns into matin
He seems to be quiet but I don't buy it
Proof is in the puddin, why don't you just try it
The super hoe is loose in your section
And he's armed with a powerful erection
So grab your girl and run for protection
Your momma too, cause I like to mention

Chorus

[super sperm] 4x

Verse two: krs-one

Whatever you could do or say inside a bed
Scott larock has done and most likely said
He doesn't argue with a girl cause yes, he has others
Keep updated on all kind of rubbers
Got ones that are lambskin, others that are plastic

One day he'll open a school for prophylactics
They don't know... (he is the super hoe)
Up in rochester on dkx
Wdkx, now dk-sex
We were bein interviewed there live on air
Every girl in the city scott had an affair
Km in the am had asked his last question
But scott larock said "wait, I gotta mention
The fact that I'm single, I like to mingle"
And one more time bust the fresh jingle

Chorus

[super sperm] 4x

Verse three: krs-one

In the field of music I'll always pass by
Girls that claim to act so fly
They always act like it's all about them or their friends
But according to scott, they all like to bend
Yes, fly girls, shy girls, black girls, white girls
In eighty-seven it's got to be the right girl
If you claim to have a little problem
Well, scott larock knows just how to solve em
If you're a guy a nine'll do the trick
But if you're a girl, you need some... flowers
I admit scott has strange powers
Enticing girls in less than an hour
Or should I say minutes? I seen how he did it
He probably says "i'm scott larock" and she's with it
So whether he's a gigolo, tramp, or pro... (he is the super hoe)
Now many people have their ways of expressin
What they do best, for scott it's undressin
Yes, either a girl or some date for the night
He doesn't want to hear that you're too tight
So do not think that scott larock is mean
It's not his fault, he'll give you vaseline
The super hoe is loose in your area
Makin life for girls a little scarier
So if you got a radio tryin to tape this
Do not keep in mind that he is a rapist
For the super hoe to be chillin
Another female out there has to be willin
So all you tramps and hoes raise your hand
Cos super hoe scott larock understands
If you're a guy we'll talk about hangin
And if you're a girl he'll talk about bangin
If your moms call up, well, I don't know

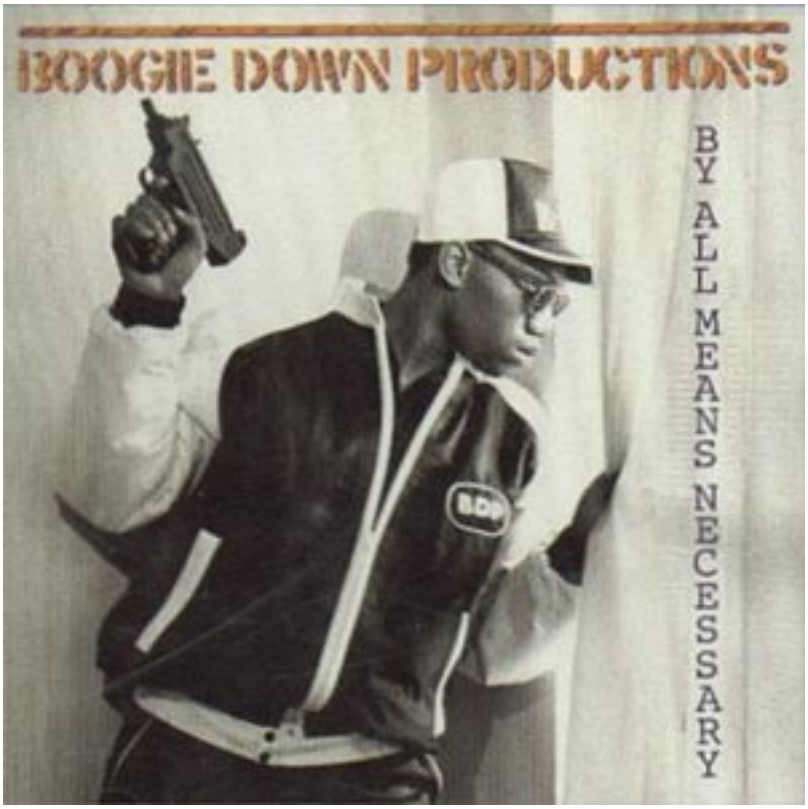
But uh... (he is the super hoe)

Chorus

[super sperm] 8x

Chorus 3x

[super sperm]


BOOGIE DOWN PRODUCTIONS
BY ALL MEANS NECESSARY
BDP

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"My Philosophy"

Voice: so, you're a philosopher?
Krs: yes, I think very deeply.
[repeated and scratched]

[verse one]
Let's begin, what, where, why, or when
Will all be explained like instructions to a game
See I'm not insane, in fact, I'm kind of rational
When I be asking you, "who is more dramatical? "
This one or that one, the white one or the black one
Pick the punk, and I'll jump up to attack one
Krs-one is just the guy to lead a crew
Right up to your face and dis you
Everyone saw me on the last album cover
Holding a pistol something far from a lover
Beside my brother, s-c-o-t-t
I just laughed, cause no one can defeat me
This is lecture number two, "my philosophy"
Number one, was "poetry" you know it's me
This is my philosophy, many artists got to learn
I'm not flammable, I don't burn
So please stop burnin, and learn to earn respect
'cause that's just what kr collects
See, what do you expect when you rhyme like a soft punk
You walk down the street and get jumped
You got to have style, and learn to be original
And everybody's gonna wanna diss you
Like me, we stood up for the south bronx
And every sucka mc had a response
You think we care? I know that they are on the tip
My posse from the bronx is thick
And we're real live, we walk correctly
A lot of suckas would like to forget me
But they can't, cause like a champ
I have got a record of knocking out the frauds in a second
On the mic, I believe that you should get loose
I haven't come to tell you I have juice
I just produce, create, innovate on a higher level
I'll be back, but for now just seckle!

[verse two]
I'll play the nine and you play the target
You all know my name so I guess I'll just start it

Or should I say, "start this," I am an artist
Of new concepts at their hardest
Cause, yo, I'm a teacher and scott is a scholar
It ain't about money cause we all make dollars
That's whyi walk with my head up
When I hear wack rhymes I get fed up
Rap is like a set-up, a lot of games
A lot of suckas with colorful names
I'm so-and-so, I'm this, I'm that
Huh, but they all just wick-wick-wack
I'm not white or red or black
I'm brown.. from the boogie down
Productions, of course our music be thumpin'
Others say their bad, but they're buggin
Let me tell you somethin' now about hip hop
About d-nice, melodie, and scott la rock
I'll get a pen, a pencil, a marker
Mainly what I write is for the average new yorker
Some mc's be talkin' and talkin'
Tryin' to show how black people are walkin
But I don't walk this way to portray
Or reinforce stereotypes of today
Like all my brothas eat chicken and watermelon
Talk broken english and drug sellin'
See I'm tellin, and teaching real facts
The way some act in rap is kind of wack
And it lacks creativity and intelligence
But they don't care cause the company is sellin' it
It's my philosophy, on the industry
Don't bother dissin me, or even wish that we'd
Soften, dilute, or commercialize all our lyrics
Cause it's about time one of y'all hear it
And hear it first-hand from the intelligent brown man
A vegetarian, no goat or ham
Or chicken or turkey or hamburger
'cause to me that's suicide self-murder
Let us get back to what we call hip hop
And what it meant to dj scott la rock...

[verse three]
How many mc's must get dissed
Before somebody says, "don't f*** with kris!"
This is just one style, out of many
Like a piggy bank, this is one penny
My brother's name is kenny - that's, kenny parker
My other brother i.c.u. is much darker
Boogie down productions is made up of teachers
The lecture is conducted from the mic into the speaker
Who gets weaker? the king or the teacher

It's not about a salary it's all about reality
Teachers teach and do the world good
Kings just rule and most are never understood
If you were to rule or govern a certain industry
All inside this room right now would be in misery
No one would get along nor sing a song
'cause everyone'd be singing for the king, am I wrong? !
So yo, what's up, it's me again
Scott la rock, krs, bdp again
Many people had the nerve to think we would end the trend
We're criminal minded, an album which is only ten
Funky, funky, funky, funky, funky hit records
No more than four minutes and some seconds
The competition checks and checks and keeps checkin'
They buy the album, take it home, and start sweatin'
Why? well it's simple, to them it's kind of vital
To take krs-one's title
To them I'm like an idol, some type of entity
In everybody's rhyme they wanna mention me?
Or rather mention us, me or scott la rock
But they can get bust get robbed, get dropped
I don't play around nor do I f*** around
And you can tell by the bodies that are left around
When some clown jumps up to get beat down
Broken down to his very last compound
See how it sounds? a little unrational
A lot of mc's like to use the word dramatical!
Fresh for '88, you suckas...

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Ya Slippin'"

(yo man, these people around here in '87 just slippin-dough, you know what I'm sayin? boogie down productions not slippin-dough, so hold ya hands-you Know what I'm sayin? (word) yo! what's goin' on? mr. magic-you know what Happened? he slipped on us-he die. pumpin kiss fm, we rock. to my man dj Red alert- we chillin' (word). yo man! yo do, heard about, man, this shit About this kid-wearin' the, ah, jerry curls, man.word up! he was slippin'. Yo dough, word up, word up. he had a yellow coat on, but no description was Given)

Now what you just heard, people, was a little kickin
But let me tell you this while the clock is still tickin
This is the warning, known as the caution:
Do not attempt to dis 'cause you'll soften
Just like a pillow, or better yet a mattress
You can't match this style or attack this
While I'm telling you, write on schedule
Fuck with k-r-s and I'll bury you
Deep in the dirt, or sand with a shovel
No fight, no scurry, or scuffle, just muffle
Total domination on stage
Kris is the name, 22 is the age
Those who wanna battle, I know who you are
You got a little girl, you drive a little car
You come into the place with that look on your face
Before you ran the mile, you lost the race
So assume you're doomed when you step in the room
I'll be the witch and you'll be the broom
I'll ride you, guide you into the concrete
I'll slide you to a funky beat
So what do we have here?
A sucka in fear
I snatched your heart
Put it way up on the chart
At ten you're fucked
At nine you suck
At eight you're a sucker
At seven-a mothafucka
At six you're slapped
At five you're just wacked
At four you're lost
At three, you're just soft
At two you're an ass
At one, you're a dick

But before you slip, I'll whip
'cause homeboy, ya slippin'

(yo get my slip on, I'm chillin on.a long time, ya see me slip on, crop d,
And I'll slip on, everybody-i slip on.sayin? I'll come back if I miss you,
Sayin?)

I understand that music calms the savage beast
But keep in mind that I compose my music piece by piece
First a bass, a snare
A little cut over there
I add my name k-r-s
And the shit becomes fresh
I ask moe and icu for their thoughts
Layin' down a power play all the suckas are tought
One again, the tactics of original arts
We're gettin' payed to the end 'cause we were down from the start
We're known as boogie down productions, ain't no b-boy stance
Gauranteed to make ya dance, if you give us a chance
We're goin' off and of course all ya suckas are lost
You wanna hear a fresh rhyme? you've come to the source
Because I'm the type of guy who's not put up on a pedestal
Run my rhyme on time and on schedule
One after another, another to the next
Can't rhyme when you're tense, or your muscles won't flex
Check your larynx
It may get lower havin' sex
Or may get higher
When bustin' as a liar
These are the things I teach so be tought
To me you're kinda short, how many battles have you fought?
If you come up with a number, notebook, or list
It just doesn't matter, you can still get dissed
I'm bringin' back that ol' new york rap
That gets you jacked while you're hands still clap
It's funny
Just dissin' you I can make money
But noone's tippin'
My message is simple: ya' slippin!

(they slippin'-dough-1987-they spippin', but we goin' all the way to the top
Man (word)-you know what I'm sayin? to my brother krs-1, you're large, i'm
Sayin, large-everytime, man, large.they're slippin')

E-n-o, s-r-k
When you go through other albums, you're sure to say
Goddam! they all seem to sound alike
Till you hear the crew standin' over in the light
Showing, glowing, on the top growing

The lyrics keep flowing and flowing and just flowing
Just like a river, or better yet a stream
I'm proud to be down with the winning team
So don't ever in your life even think about an arguement
'cause you'll get walked on like carpet
We'll pick you up, and dust you off
Stamp bdp on you're head and you're off
But you won't even change that to say instead
I'm down 'cause I got a bdp on my head
So just before you inherit that ass kicking
I suggest you wake right up 'cause ya slippin'

(yo! they slippin'-dough, they slippin'-dough, they slippin'-word up, i
Don't care no more, man, I'm commin' out of the shell-dough, they slippin'
Man.b-boy records, magic, yo all the time they slippin-ya know what i'm
Saying? this other kid-i don't know what his name is, but you know what time
It is. (word up!) he's slippin' too (everybody).slippin', and everytime
He do somethin', he's slippin'. slippin'.)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Stop The Violence"

Worldwide bdp are the freshest!
Worldwide! worldwide! worldwide!

One two three, the crew is called bdp
And if you want to go to the tip top
Stop the violence in hip-hop, y-o

Time and time again, as I pick up the pen
As my thoughts emerge, these are those words
I glance at the paper to know what's going on
Someone's doing wrong, the story goes on
Mary lue's had a baby someone else decapitated
The drama of the world shouldn't keep us so frustrated
I look, but it doesn't coincide with my books
Social studies when I speak upon political crooks
It's just the presidents, and all the money they spent
All the things they invent and how the house is so immaculate
They paid missiles, my family's eating gristle
Then they get upset when the press blows the whistle
Of course the main profiles are kept low
You temper with some jobs, now the press is controlled
Not only newspapers, but every single station
You only get to hear the president is on vacation
But ehrm, stay calm, there's no need for alarm
You say "go back" to your mom, and you're off to vietnam
You shoot to kill, come back and you're a veteran
But how many veterans are out there pedaling?
There's no telling, 'cause they continue selling
As quiet as it's kept, I won't go into depth
You can talk about nigeria, people used to laugh at ya.
Now I take a look, I say "usa for africa? !"

Huh.
What's the solution, to stop all this confusion?
Rewrite the constitution, change the drug which you're using
Rewrite the constitution or the emancipation proclamation
We fight inflation, yet the president's still on vacation

Bdp posse!
I say: one two three, the crew is called bdp
And if you wanna go to the tip top
Stop the violence in the hip-hop, y-o

This might sound a little strange to you
Well here's the reason I came to you
We gotta put our heads together, and stop the violence
Cause real bad boys move in silence
When you're in a club, you come to chill out
Not watch someones blood just spill out
That's what these other people want to see
Another race fight endlessly
You know we're being watched, you know we're being seen
Some wish to destroy this scene called hip-hop
But I won't drop
Not I or scott larock
Now here is the message that we bring today:
Hip-hop will surely decay
If we as a people don't stand up and say:
"stop the violence!"
"stop the violence!"
"stop the violence!"
"stop the violence!"
"stop the violence!"

I say: one two three, the crew is called bdp
And if you wanna go to the tip top
Stop the violence in the hip-hop, y-o

Bdp and me
We step into the party top celebrity
Say when we're coming to dance, we never have to pay a fee
Cause that's where we got r-e-s-p-e-c-t
I have this one wife, her name is miss melody
I know I'm from the bronx, she from the brooklyn posse
I tell ya look a little like this, then I tell you some that i
Sometimes I got my gear on, sometimes I wear a hat
Sometimes I'm in a mercedes and sometimes I'm in a plain
Sometimes I find myself upon the number two train
Some people look at me and see negativity
Some people look at me and see positivity
But when I see myself I see creativity
So if I can create, well then I make some money
Sha man, just put your hands up if you're out here gettin' paid
Sha man, just put your hands up if you're out here gettin' paid
One two three, the crew is called bdp
And if you wanna go to the tip top
Stop the violence in the hip-hop, y-o

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Illegal Business"

{*30 seconds in: dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}

Cocaine business controls america
Ganja business controls america
Krs-one come to start some hysteria
Illegal business controls america

[krs-one]
One afternoon around eleven o'clock
It was freezin cold, he was standing on the block
Sellin cheeba, nick's and dimes
Sayin a rhyme just to pass the time
The cops passed by, but he stayed calm
Cause the leather trench coat was keepin him warm
But this time they walked by real slowly
He thought to himself, "they look like they know me"
They drove away, but he didn't stay
He jumped in the cab and he paid his tab
But guess who he saw when he hit the block
It was the same cop car, the same two cops
They jumped out quick, they pulled a gun
They said, "don't try to fight and don't try to run
Cooperate and we will be your friend
Non-cooperation will be your end"
He jumped in the car, and while they rode
They ran down the list of things he owed
They said, "you owe us some money, you owe us some product
Cause you could be right in the river tied up"
He thought for a second and he said, "what is this?
You want me to pay you to stay in business? "
They said, "that's right, or you go to prison
Cause nobody out there is really gonna listen
To a hood," so he said, "good!
I'll pay you off for the whole neighborhood"
Because

Cocaine business controls america
Ganja business controls america
Krs-one come to start some hysteria
Illegal business controls america

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}

[krs-one]
A guy named jack, is sellin crack
The community, doesn't want him back
He sells at work, he sells in schools
He's not stupid, the cops are the fools
Cause everyone else seems to go to jail
But when it comes to jack, the cops just fail
They can't arrest him, they cannot stop him
Cause even in jail the bail unlocks him
So here is the deal, and here is the facts
If you ever wonder why they can't stop crack
The police department, is like a crew
It does whatever they want to do
In society you have illegal and legal
We need both, to make things equal
So legal is tobacco, illegal is speed
Legal is aspirin, illegal is weed
Crack is illegal, cause they cannot stop ya
But cocaine is legal if it's owned by a doctor
Everything you do in private is illegal
Everything's legal if the government can see you
Don't get me wrong, america is great place to live
But listen to the knowledge I give

Cocaine business controls america
Ganja business controls america
Krs-one come to start some hysteria
Illegal business controls america

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Illegal business controls america
{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Illegal business controls america
{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Illegal business controls america
{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Krs-one come to start some hysteria
{*dj scratches "what what what what, what what what what,
What can we get for 63 cents? "*}

Cocaine business controls america
Ganja business controls america
Krs-one come to start some hysteria
Illegal business controls america

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Yeah, illegal business controls america
{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Yeah, krs-one come to start some hysteria

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Yeah, bdp takin over america
{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Ganja business controls america

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Cocaine, sensai
Aspirin, coffee
Morphine, sugar
Tobacco, got to go

{*dj scratches "what what what what, what can we get.."*}
Illegal business controls america
{*dj scratches "what what, what can we get.."*}
Yeahhhhh, ganja business controls america
{*dj scratches "what what what what what what,
What can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Yeahhhhh, cocaine business controls america
{*dj scratches "what what what what.."*}
Illegal business controls america

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Nervous"

[krs-one]
by all means necessary
Written, produced, directed, by blastmaster krs-one
Mixed, by dj doc
And now.. it's time.. to get{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
Bdp is in full and total effect
I'm gonna shout out a couple of names
We're gonna do it like this
Dj doc.. manager moe.. ms. melodie.. i.c.u., mcboo
{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
D-nice.. scott larock.. krs-one, I think that's me
And you know what? I'm down with bdp
{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
So right about this time
You should throw your hands up in the air
How many people got nike's on?
If you got your nike's on, put your feet up in the air
If you don't got nike's on
I think you need to keep your feet down
Cause the party is live {nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
And we're in total stereo, yaknowhati'msayin?

So all the suckers out there that wanna test
It's time to get{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
And at this point, we gettin a little stupid
I'd like to say, dj doc is in the back chillin out
On the 48-track board without a doubt
Break it down doc, like this!{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
I'd like to give a shout out to who? big daddy kane
Heavy d, and eric b.
Melody, d-square{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
So just throw your hands in the air
Just throw your hands in the air
Krs-one is here without a care
And I don't have no fears homeboy
So all the suckers out there that wanna test bdp
It's time to get{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
Now, here's what we do on the 48-track board
We look around for the best possible break
And once we find it, we just break..
.. or, we just break{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
There's two ways to do this, you see what I'm sayin?
If you feel the board, you feel around

We got tracks one to track 48
We find track seven, and break it down!
{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
Okay.. this album has been funded
By the blastmaster krs-one fund
Ha ha ha ha ha ha hah!
You know what? we're gettin {nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
Okay, we gon' play a little game, break it down doc
Like this, or like this
{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}

You know what? I used to be a graffiti artist
I used to write krs-one all over the place
All up in soundview, in brooklyn
Then when the cops come for you, ha ha hah
You just get{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
And another thing:
Me and my crew, we made hit records all over the place
But we left b-boy records
And you know what happened after that point?
Ha hah, they just got{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"I�m Still #1"

Verse 1

D.J. Doc you know he's down with us
D-Square, he's down with us
Keyboard Money Mike, is down with us
I.C.U., you know he's down with us
D-Nice and McBoo, they're down with us
Ms. Melodie, she's down with us
Just-Ice and DMX, they're down with us
My manager Moe, he's down with us
Castle-D boy, he's down with us
D.J. Red Alert, he's down with us
Robocop boy, he's down with us
Makin' funky music is a must
I'm number one.

People still takin' rappin' for a joke
A passing hope or a phase with a rope
Sometimes I choke and try to believe
when I get challenged by a million MCs
I try to tell them, "We're all in this together!"
My album was raw because no-one would ever
think like I think and do what I do
I stole the show, and then I leave without a clue

What do you think makes up a KRS?
Concisive teaching, or very clear speaking?
Ridiculous bass, aggravating treble
Rebel, renegade, must stay paid
not by financial aid, but a raid of hits
causing me to take long trips
I'm the original teacher of this type of style
Rockin' off-beat with a smile
or smirk or chuckle, yes some are not up to
BDP Posse so I love to
step in the jam and slam
I'm not Superman, because anybody can
or should be able to rock off turntables
Grab the mic, plug it in and begin
But here's where the problem starts, no heart
Because of that a lot of groups fell apart
Rap is still an art, and no-one's from the Old School
cuz Rap is still a brand-new tool

I say no-one's from the Old School cuz Rap on a whole
isn't even twenty years old
Fifty years down the line, you can start this
cuz we'll be the Old School artists
And even in that time, I'll say a rhyme
A brand-new style, ruthless and wild
Runnin' around spendin' money, havin' fun
cuz even then, I'm still number one.

Verse 2

Blastmaster KRS-One of course
comes to express with style the lost
ways of rhyming, old and new, past and present
Knock, knock, who is it?
A brand-new style, hup, time to change
People talk about me when they see me on stage
Live in action, guaranteed raw
I hang with the rich and I work for the poor
Now tomorrow you can say you saw
KRS-One stompin' once more
I play by ear, I love to steer
the Alfa Romeo from here to there
I grab the beer, but not in the ride
cuz I'm not stupid, I don't drink and drive
I'm not a beginner, amateur or local
My album is sellin' because of my vocals
You know what you need to learn?
Old School artists don't always burn
You're just another rapper who's had his turn
Now it's my turn, and I am concerned
about idiots posing as kings
What are we here to rule?
I thought we were supposed to sing
And if we oughta sing, then let us begin to teach
Many of you are educated, open your mouth and speak
KRS-One is something like a total renegade
except I don't steal, I rhyme to get paid
Airplanes flyin', overseas people dyin'
Politicians lyin', I'm tryin'
not to escape, but hit the problem head-on
by bringin' out the truth in a song
So BDP, short for Boogie Down Productions
made a little noise cuz the crew was sayin' somethin'
People have the nerve to take me for a gangster
An ignorant one, something closer to a prankster
Doin' petty crimes, goin' straight to penitentiary
But in a scale of crime that's really elementary
This beat is now compelling me to explain in silence

why my last jam was so violent
It's simple: BDP will teach reality
No beatin' around the bush, straight up, just like The P Is Free
So now you know, a poet's job is never done
But I'm never overworked, cuz I'm still number one.

Kool Moe Dee, he's down with us
Eric B. and Rakim, they're down with us
Stetsasonic, they're down with us
Dana Dane, he's down with us
Sleeping Bag Records, they're down with us
My lawyer Jay, he's down with us
Jive/RCA is down with us
Makin' funky music is a must
I'm number one.

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Part Time Sucker"

Hahahahaha...
(T'cha t'cha, that boy is a t'cha - KRS-One)
I want you all to understand I'm down with BDP
I got so many styles, but I'm not an MC
I am a teacher teaching rap, and of course I am back
Because these other MC's are here also weak and wack
So BDP will teach them, hey, we will teach them
BDP will teach them, hey, we will teach them
All about the guy who first is down but then he lies
What he is to you, he's a part time sucker
Among thousands and thousands of very good MC's
A poet will flow like the breeze
Like the wind, air is all around us
From what I hear, it's a good thing you found us
And in a hurry, just in the nick of time
Cause I do four things: rhyme, produce, teach, and bring to you new styles
Well here's the first style, right out the pile
It's called vocabulary. Difficult, isn't it?
At least is looks that way when you witness it
Kill (kill?) meaning to deprive of life
Fiancee: future wife
Poet (poet): a person who writes poems
Wandering, meaning to roam
Everyone sees me when I walk into the public
Even the suckers, I just love it
When they get disgusted every time I prove
(Boogie Down Pro...) Boogie Down Productions will move
Meaning to motivate, lest rhyme straight
Hate is a very very big mistake
It rhymes with frustrate and aggravate
Let me just demonstrate why I won't abbreviate
Television, a view of scenes transmitted
Every single second you get it
Pepsi (what?) the choice of a new generation
Fired from work: termination
Quality: something special about an object or person
Can you rock a party without rehearsing?
I can, anytime, on the spot rhyme
Many recording artists can't do it, but I'm
More than just a recording artist kicking dust (who?)
I'm a sandstorm, taking human form
K plus R S equals one
I don't burn anymore, I just cook 'till you're done

And when you're done, then I serve
Like alphabet soup, (letters) letters, (words) words
Sentences, chunks of meat into a paragraph
Get the meaning then ask the question 'bout the guy
Who first is down but then he lies
What he is to you, he's a part time sucker
Kewe-kewe-K, Arewa-arewa-R, Ewe-ewe-S, my rhymes are fresh
Please step back, let me progress
Meaning to advance, you only get a glance
Of me at a time, sayin' some rhyme
Or sayin' some rekkid, that should respect it, select it
I'm never ever wack or reject it
Challenge BDP it get's dissed, expect it
I travel the nation by mostly plane
I travel New York by either cab or the train
Some say that I'm insane, they say
Why would you want to ride the train
(But I) but I don't care, as long as I get there
I never used to pay my fare, but now I think I got to
Because from a jail cell I can't rock you
That's being incarcerated, meaning locked up
(A tool) a tool for holding water is a cup or pail,
The opposite for fresh is stale
(The largest) the largest sea-mammal is a whale
Beer is called ale, or sometimes it is called brew
(A group a) a group of human beings is a crew
You know what I'm gonna do? Explain Criminal Minded
Cause much too many people still are blinded
Let me rewind it, and elaborate on blinded, meaning can't see through me
He he he he he, these people make me laugh
The way they like to change up the past
So when you're there in class, learning `his story'
Learn a little of your story, the real story
It doesn't pay to know the life and times of someone else
It doesn't benefit your wealth or your mental health
I go for self, but the real self is one with all
This self who's by himself does fall
Down, just like the guy who first was down, but then he lies
What he is to you, he's a part time sucker
All right, now, hear we go...

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Jimmy"

Intro

The J, the I, the M, the M
The Y, the J, the I, the M
It's Jimmy!
It's Jimmy! x2

Verse 1

Here is a message to the Super-Hoes
Just keep in mind when Jimmy grows
It grows and grows and grows, so let it
But keep in mind about the epidemic
When Jimmy releases, boy it pleases
But what do you do about all these diseases?
Jimmy is Jimmy, no matter what
So take care of Jimmy cos you know what's up
Cos now in winter AIDS attacks
So run out and get your Jimmy Hats
It costs so little for a pack of three
They're Jimmy Hats for the winter attack
Good for a present, great for lovers
Demonstrated by The Jungle Brothers
Protect your Jimmy and keep it fresh
They're Jimmy Hats by KRS

Chorus

So, remember you're never too old (Jimmy is wearin' a hat)

Remember you're never too bold (Jimmy is wearin' a hat)
Do me a favour, wear your hat
So Jimmy...will have the opportunity to come back

Verse 2

Well, Red Alert is down with BDP
Teachin' you all about Jimbrowski
I don't wanna hear that you're not with it
Turn around and see your butt in a clinic
Havin' doctors just poke at Jimmy
Let me express what now what's in me
Too many people take too many risks

Too many people I see get dissed
Jimmy Hats are now in style
Cos you can't trust a big butt and a smile
Some are dry and some lubricated
Many companies make and made it
So all you Super-Hoes, wear your hat
Cos drippin' Jimmies is straight up wack
Keep in mind about Jimbrowski
Jimmy Hats by BDP

The J, the I, the M
The M, the Y, the J, the I...
It's Jimmy!
It's Jimmy!
The J, the I, the M, the M
The Y, the J, the I, the M
It's Jimmy!

Repeat chorus

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"T□cha - T□cha"

[krs-one]
Eassssssssy mahn!
It's impossible to take out boogie down productions
Seen?

Yes.. come mi say

Intro/chorus: krs-one

Come to the t'cha, come mi say come to the t'cha
Come mi say come to the t'cha come to the t'cha come to the t'cha
Come mi say come to the t'cha, come mi say come to the t'cha
Come mi say come to the t'cha come to the t'cha come to the t'cha

[krs-one]
Me bus' upon the scene around 1986
A few hit records got me started real quick
I represent the bronx, but I am a new yorker
All vegeterian, never eat pork or
Chicken in a battle yes my brain starts clickin
Just like the gears of a watch, tock-tickin
I never lose time cause the rhyme is all digital
For suckers like you, I turn the power up to critical
On every playlist, waxin that anus
Suckers or professionals, bring down the decimal
Point every time you subtract an emcee
People look at me, a p-o-e-t
Teachin suckers like you about the i.c.u.
And the krs-one, sounds like arithmetic
Very psychological; why are you on the dick?
Well, my evaluation is sudden
Takin me out, is somethin closer to impossible
You could try your best
But frankly I don't think it's logical
This is yes the dj writer superproducer kris
God gave me a talent, so let me flaunt the gift

Chorus

[krs-one]
Push up ya han-ds, if you out here gettin paid
Push up ya han-ds, if you don't have aids, biddi-by-by
Push up ya han-ds, if you out here gettin pa-ai-id

Push up ya han-ds, if you won't be delayed
Boogie down productions at the head of the raid
Always gettin brighter while the suckers will fade
Life is very serious, it's not an arcade
So everything you're hearing, krs has made
Mc's grab the microphone but don't know what to say
So dj krs has come to show dem the way
I always call you females by your name, not "hey!"
Cause "hey" will only make a real woman turn away, gwan
Unless the woman is the freak of the yearrrr
Well then you know that krs don't carrrre
Unless the woman is the freak of the yearrrr, biddi-by-by
And then you know that krs don't carrrre
You always call a freak, by the garment they wear
Instead of call it clothes they always callin it gear
Big derriere to make the next man stare
Attracted to the man with jheri curls in him hair
Always puffin cheeba with a forty of beer
But to a re-al wo-man freaks-a can-not compare, gwan
Hold up ya han-ds if you a real wo-man, bo!
Hold up ya han-ds, if you do underst-and
The style that I'm sayin, without no delayin
Is blastmaster krs-one, just playin
It's really kinda easy for me, to do a style like this
It's kinda primitive, so please don't miss
The way I do this on the microphone, cause I was never shown
My mother wasn't into b-boyin at the home
No one out can compete
And not another dj rocks this type of beat
Come mi say

Chorus

[krs-one]
Come mi say jump up when ya high, and jump up when ya low-ah
Boogie down productions make the lyrics just flow
With m-e-l-o-d-i-e and manager moe
We'll wrap up any mc in a ribbon or a bow
People takin pictures of me everywhere I go
Take out three mc's and call it tic-tac-toe

Yes!

Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, da-dum
Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, zhiggi-zi
Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, da-dum
Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, come mi say

Chorus

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Necessary"

When some get together and think of rap, they tend to think of violence
But when they are challenged on some rock group, the result is always silence
Even before the rock and roll era, violence played a big part in music
It's all according to your meaning of violence and how or in which way you use
It
No, it's not violent to show in movies the destruction of the human body
But yes, of course it's violent to protect yourself at a party
And, oh no, it's not violent when under the christmas tree is a look-alike gun
But, yes, of course it's violent to have an album like KRS-One
By all means necessary, it's time to end the hypocrisy
What I call violence, I can't do , but your kind of violence is stopping me
By all means necessary, the rap audience must grow up
The same type of fightin' we do, they do except we've got nothing to blow up
It doesn`t matter if you win or lose, it's only how good you play the game
This is the oldest sneak attack, because it takes away our senses to gain
If all I do is play the game then I am just mediocre
We strive to be the best we can be, not to just get over
Some people say that life on a whole is serious and nothing is funny
That's only if you base your life around competition and money
Yeah, I'm making some money, he's making some money, but none of these things
Are necessities
What I find to be a necessity is controlling a positive destiny
With this, money, fame, glory and credit will come in time
The people down with me know this every minute they hear me sayin rhymes
I got some friends, I got some allies like Stet, and Big Daddy Kane
They know that by all means necessary that peace is the name of this game
Whether peace by war, or peace by peace, the reality of peace is scary
But we must get there, one way or another, By all means necessary.
Necessary from the Lp 'By All Means Necessary' by BDP, lyrics by KRS-1

BOOGIE DOWN PRODUCTIONS
GHETTO MUSIC:
THE BLUEPRINT OF HIP HOP

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Style You Haven't Done Yet"

Intro

The number one set and sound...live! Ghetto Music. Produced by KRS-One.

Widdy-bye-bye bye-bye bye-bye bye
Widdy-bye-bye bye-bye bye-bye bye

Come in!

Verse 1

Many have claimed to attain levels in rhymin'
But when I listen to 'em I see they're only lyin'
They're tryin', but after some years if you ain't got it
Lay it down, put it down, find a way to try and stop it
Or change it, rearrange it, be a producer
Don't touch the microphone because you'll always be the loser
And laughed at, smirked on, you don't belong
With those that perform their song on and on
And on and on and on, yo, let's get specific
This style is for the gifted, poetically uplifted
I speak to you, not at you to attack you
Maybe when I'm through with this rhyme I'll get a statue
So now I ax you or tell you people literally
When it comes to rockin' funky lyrics few are better than me
Down with BDP, endlessly recitin' poetry
Any time I'm in the street, you hear my voice, you know it's me
KR...nope! I'm not ready to say my name yet
Many say they teach, but this style they haven't attained yet

Widdy-bye-bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye, widdy bye-bye!
Bye-bye bye-bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye, widdy bye-bye!
Bye bye bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye, widdy bye-bye!
Bye-bye bye-bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye

Verse 2

Run it, son, plumb it you bum
Don't you know that it's KRS-One
That comes to sing the styles that ain't sung
I rocked the party, but oh! Gotta run
Cos only the suckers want a chance at that

To see if KRS-One is really all that
Instead of a rap I jap-slap all of 'em back
Because the teacher that you see is not wack
I'd like to stack up all the hits that I've made
Three albums, a triple-layer cake
And throw it in your face you waste
Pick up the pace and taste a poet from the black race
While I whip you whine, you're out of touch
I'm out of time, here's another rhyme

(The black man's in effect. Jeeeeeeesus! Oh gosh, dude. Oh gosh. Oh yes, dude. Yes)

(What's the name of that crew? B.D.P)

(Say what? I'm not down with the Juice Crew)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Why Is That?"

Verse One

The day begins, with a grin
And a prayer to excuse my sins
I can walk anywhere I choose
Cause everybody listens to the B.D.P. crew
We're not here for glamour or fashion
But here's the question I'm askin
Why is it young black kids taught {flashin?}
They're only taught how to read, write, and act
It's like teachin a dog to be a cat
You don't teach white kids to be black
Why is that? Is it because we're the minority?
Well black kids follow me
Genesis chapter eleven verse ten
Explains the geneology of Chem
Chem was a black man, in Africa
If you repeat this fact they can't laugh at ya
Genesis fourteen verse thirteen
Abraham steps on the scene
Being a descendent of Chem which is a fact
Means, Abraham too was black
Abraham born in the city of a black man
Called Nimrod grandson of Kam
Kam had four sons, one was named Canaan
Here, let me do some explaining
Abraham was the father of Isaac
Isaac was the father of Jacob
Jacob had twelve sons, for real
And these, were the children of Isreal
According to Genesis chapter ten
Egyptains descended from {Hahm,Kam}
Six hundred years later, my brother, read up
Moses was born in Egypt
In this era black Egyptians weren't right
They enslaved black Isrealites
Moses had to be of the black race
Because he spent fourty years in Pharoah's place
He passed as the Pharoah's grandson
So he had to look just like him
Yes my brothers and sisters take this here song
Yo, correct the wrong
The information we get today is just wack

But ask yourself, why is that?

Verse Two

The age of the ignorant rapper is done
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everyone
The stereotype must be lost
That love and peace and knowledge is soft
Do away with that and understand one fact
For love, peace must attack
And attack real strong, stronger than war
To conquer it and it's law
Mental pictures, stereotypes and fake history
Reinforces mystery
And when mystery is reinforced
That only means that knowledge has been lost
When you know who you really are
Peace and knowledge shines like a star
I'm only showin you a simple fact
It Takes A Nation of MILLIONS to Hold Us people Back
Which is wack, but we can correct that
Teach and learn what it is to be black
Cause they're teachin birds to be a cat
But ask yourself homeboy, why is that?

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Blueprint"

Musty fusty yet so crystal clear
The non-commercial set is now here
Brought to you by the will of positve people
K-r-s plus one equals
Slammin' lyrics and beats unquestionable
The peofessional while I guess that you'll
Grab the album that rocks most on the market
Strong hearted with a target
--bloo-- and the target is hit
I shot the lyric then reload the clip
--bloo-- another shell hits the ground
Along with the shell my opponents weak crown
--bloo bloo-- the title comes after
What a disaster listen to the laughter
Your heart I capture
Cause every lecture has tecture
If you're wack I say next sir
Who's next cause I've got no time for weakness
Only the teacher speaks this
Dialect, which gains nuff resect
Which money can't buy you yet
I don't care cause boogie down productions has both
The most worldwide coast to coast
We didn't do it with the soft commercial sound
Try the ghetto cause I refuse to let go
You see you don't understand I knew it
You got a copy I read from the blueprint

Keepin' it on track
And never wack
Please step back
If you speak the weak rap
Cause I alone can dis your whole pack or posse
Stupid sit there and watch me
You can't stop the original with a copy
Sloppy very sloppy you slouch
Every time I bite you yell ouch
Breakout get lost your throat is hoarse
You lost cause I'm dope of course
--one and two and three and four--
But that comes from years of practice
Anti-slackness anti-wackness
Throw on the glasses and teach the masses

Very simple the question I ask is
How many mcs must get stomped
Before somebody says kris has no calm
Thousands both here and overseas
If you're soft I say please leave
Here's the door here's your hat coat and mitt
Cause here we read from the blueprint

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Jack Of Spades"

* was also featured in the movie "i'm gonna get you sucka"

[krs-one]
Again we start, let me say my part
About the only guy who has some heart
It took some time for the heart to come
But it's here, and everybody's in fear
Crashin through the door of that whore
Bringin a end to this gold chain war
What you saw, krs-one is now seeing
Another fly human being
Making, no excuses for the losers
Chain-snatchers, pimps, drug abusers
You don't like it but you gotta keep pushin
Until somebody starts mushin
All these suckers, claimin to rule the environment
(nah man, I ain't buyin it)
You seem to think that everybody can be taught
That everyone else can be bought
But, you took a short, cause one guy hasn't been paid
He is the jack of spades!

* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." *

[krs-one]
He's a, calm kind of guy, courageous and loyal
But don't let the temper boil
Cause just like a pot when the whistle blows
(that's right boy, anything goes!)
The crime is commited and he's right on your tail
There's no bail, not thinkin bout jail
All the ends, are justified by the means
When jack's on the scene
Track the movement, don't lose it
Cause if he come through the back, he attacks
Crack, cocaine, cops, and more fiends
Who all get the same in the heat of this gold chain game
Here is the aim --
Destroy all the stereotypes, hypes, and crack pipes
We don't like, criminals, and crime --
But we don't pay it any mind
So here comes kung-fu, joe, and fly guy
Slade, hammer, and slammer

I, am a, renegade teacher and scholar
If you ain't up on it you gotta
Fall to the back of the line
Hear this rhyme, cause i'ma say it one more time
It's jack's theme song that krs made
It's called the jack of spades!

* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." *

[krs-one]
You know, the jack of spades is now down with the bdp posse
If you wanna see more, just watch me
Man, do what I do, throw your hands in the air
And scream it out, ohh yeah "ohh yeahhh!!"
One more time! "ohh yeahhh!!"
(flash the rhyme!)
Cool, guy, loud and quiet
If your head's in the way, he'll fly it
Don't try it, cause jack of spades doesn't buy it
He's a one man riot
Cleanin the community, of all it's debris
The c-r-i-m-e
The road was long and scary and some didn't make it
The average guy couldn't take it
But jack, is not, the average guy
He took a piece of the pie and bit it
Got with it, for his brother he did it
So you gotta admit it
This is a martyr, a soldier, a hero
Why? because he started from zero
In this battle he clearly understands their power
They're payin people by the hour
To sell, to lie, to try, to stand up and deny
They are gettin everybody high
High on a cable, cash under the table
Currency is how they're able
To buy the cops and props and keep the law paid
But here comes the jack of spades!

* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." *

[krs] break it down!

* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." *

[krs-one]
Fresh.. for jack of spades, you suckers
Ha ha ha ha ha ha hah..

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Jah Rulez"

[krs-one]
Yes, right about now we got afrika
From the jungle brothers on the wheels of steel
My sister harmony right beside me
And i, krs-one on the mic
Sidney mills on the keyboards
And dwayne on the engineering
And once again, this style is dedicated to the heavenly father
Because you know ya rule!

[harmony]
Where can they go, where can they turn?
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. their very soul! (fi-yah!)
What can they do, what can they say?
They can't live without your love.. (ba-da-bi)
Another day.. (ba-ba-bad-bad-bad)

[krs-one]
Bad man people and petty rob-ber
Straighten up your ways or you will suf-fer
What go around come around and this is the law
The manmade law krs-one ig-nore
I walk the streets as a ruff yout bwoy
Very intelligent, and full of joy
Go to a concert and mash up the jam (bo)
People in the world know just who I am
I am what I am cause I am not soft
When the blind lead the blind - that's when ya lost
Me just a dj dealin with negative
Nonsense messages, a what dem a give
Bdp strong, cause jah is the strength
Bdp long, cause jah is the length
Bdp together, cause jah is the link
We a just arise, while the negative sink! come!

[harmony]
Where can they go, where can they turn?
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. (burns!)
Their very soul! (lick dem down!)
And what can they do, what can they say?
They can't live without your love.. another day.. (come!)
Where can they go..
What can they do? (bo)

[krs-one]
We are not a front and, we are no fraud
Every hit record comes straight from the lord
We live in jail cell and we live in shelter
If you help yourself, well jah will help ya
Look to no man but love everyone
Stand on your own and work til you're done
Follow the commandments that jah set forth
Cause manmade laws, made man lost (bo)

[harmony]
Where can they go, where can they turn?
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. (ba-da-bi-bi-bi)
Their very soul! (fi-yah!)
What can they do, what can they say?
They can't live without your love.. another day..
They need you, in their lives
They know, your live is right (always right)
You're the inspiration (yes) that sweet revelation
All their hope, and their salvation (so right)
And where can they go, where can they turn (where ya hide?)
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. their very soul!
(wa-da-ba-da-bi-bi-bi-bi-bi)
What can they do, what can they say?
They can't live without your love.. another day..
(fi-yah, fi-yah, fi-yah, fi-yah)
They need you, in their lives
They know, your love is right
You're the inspiration, that sweet revelation
And all of their hopes (jah rulez) and their salvation
Where can they go, where can they turn (jah rule every time)
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. (nowhere)
Their very soul (kyan't move without the movement of jah, seen?)
And what can they do, what can they say
They can't live without your love.. another day..
Where do they go
What do they do?
Where do they turn
What can they say?
Where do they go, what can they do
Breathe without you?
Where do they go
Breathe without you?
What do they do.. *fades*

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Breath Control"

[krs-one] + [somebody beatboxing]
Let me tell you bout a crew I know [ba bum bum]
Called boogie down productions and they steal the show [ba bum bum]
With dj scott larock and krs-one
[ba-bum, ba-ba-bum, ba-bum-ba-bum-bababababababababa]
With d-nice you know the job is done
And I know [boom-ba-bum] oh yes I know [ba-boom-ba-bum]
I know because I'm krs-one, yo check this out

[beatbox continues in the background]

[krs-one]
Breath control.. here's an example
I appeal, to the +criminal minded+
You can't find it, boy you're still blinded
Why don't you open your eyes and stop dissin
Get a prescription to listen
Sit in the class and ask real fast about a fresh rap
You're gettin left back, set back, kept back
Get back, I don't accept that material
Your rhymes are artificially flavored like cereal
I like clarity, so when you come here
Speak clear and concise and then I might give
A little slack to.. nah, wait - I take that back
If you're wack, I'll slap, fuck that!
Boogie down productions back, simply cause we never left
The radical sounds of krs
What a mess, to roll up and then 'fess
Wild guess huh, you thought you were the best?
But - yup yup - as it always turns out
You get burned out, your rhymes just run out
I immediately come out, boomin dope and
Don't provoke, you're walkin a very thin rope
Not even rope, the word I'm lookin for is string
When I sing, I sing to try and bring
Enlightenment, yet the suckers be bitin it
Radio's fightin it, the fans be likin it
Your face I'm wipin it, cause your mouth is dirty
You're unworthy to think that you can serve me
You heard me? these styles are universal
You need rehearsal, wait, first i'll
Beef up the system, rhyth, rhymin, timin, climbin
Then realizing

As producer of this dope record huh
I think it's time we break for a second

Breath control..

[krs-one]
That's it, that's it, that's it
Break is over, back to the track
Resume attack, on the crews that are wack
We don't lack, I mean, we don't like
The played out styles when we're rockin the mic
The radical rebel at level fifteen
The amp only goes to ten, you know what I mean?
As it seems, it seems that you're doomed
Yes I'll boom and consume the whole room
Not a part, not a fraction or a sum
But all, capital krs-one
B-d-b-d-b-d-b-d-p
Takin mc's out constantly!
Because you're no big deal, you're no big wheel
You steal, come before me and kneel but
I'm not a king, I'm not a queen, I'm not a ace
I'm not a jack, I'm not a mc or a playboy
And I just ain't wack
I feel that you should get an understanding
You might be jamming, but krs-one is slamming
Hypothetically, or in reality
Takin you out, is a small technicality
Rhymes like these, or rhymes like this one
Comes in handy, while I diss some
Soft silly low budget sucker like yourself
I got the style you need, in my house on the shelf
Labelled, sucker boy style
I like to do it every once in a while..

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Who Protects Us From You?"

Verse

(Fy-ah! Come down fas'...)

You were put here to protect us
But who protects us from you?
Every time you say "That's illegal"
Doesn't mean that that's true (Uh-huh)
Your authority's never questioned
No-one questions you
If I hit you I'll be killed
But you hit me? I can sue (Order! Order!)
Lookin' through my history book
I've watched you as you grew
Killin' blacks and callin' it the law
(Bo! Bo! Bo!) And worshipping Jesus too
There was a time when a black man
Couldn't be down wit' your crew (Can I have a job please?)
Now you want all the help you can get
Scared? Well ain't that true (You goddamn right)
You were put here to protect us
But who protects us from you?
Or should I say, who are you protecting?
The rich? the poor? Who?
It seems that when you walk the ghetto
You walk wit' your own point of view (Look at that gold chain)
You judge a man by the car he drives
Or if his hat match his shoe (Yo, you lookin' kinda fresh)
Well, back in the days of Sherlock Holmes
A man was judged by a clue
Now he's judged by if he's Spanish,
Black, Italian or Jew
So do not kick my door down and tie me up
While my wife cooks the stew (You're under arrest!)
Cos you were put here to protect us
But who protects us from you?

(A public service announcement brought to you by the scientists of
Boogie Down Productions. Fy-ah! Come again...)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"You Must Learn"

Just like I told you, you must learn

It's calm yet wild the style that I speak
Just filled with facts and you will never get weak in the heart
In fact you'll start to illuminate, knowledge to others in a song
Let me demonstrate the force of knowledge,
Knowledge reigned supreme
The ignorant is ripped to smithereens
What do you mean when you say I'm rebellious
'Cause I don't accept everything that you're telling us
What are you selling us the creator dwellin' us
I sit in your unknown class while you're failing' us
I failed your class 'cause I ain't with your reasoning
You're tryin' make me you by seasoning
Up my mind with see Jane run, see John walk in a hardcore New York
It doesn't exist no way, no how
It seems to me that in a school that's ebony
African history should be pumped up steadily, but it's not
And this has got to stop, See Spot run, run get Spot
Insulting to a Black mentality, a Black way of life
Or a jet Black family, so I include with one concern, that
You must learn

Chorus: Just like I told you, you must learn (twice)

I believe that if you're teaching history
Filled with straight up facts no mystery
Teach the student what needs to be taught
'Cause Black and White kids both take shorts
When one doesn't know about the other ones' culture
Ignorance swoops down like a vulture
'Cause you don't know that you ain't just a janitor
No one told you about Benjamin Banneker
A brilliant Black man that invented the almanac
Can't you see where KRS is coming at
With Eli Whitney, Haile Selassie
Granville Woods made the walkie-talkie
Lewis Latimer improved on Edison
Charles Drew did a lot for medicine
Garrett Morgan made the traffic lights
Harriet Tubman freed the slaves at night
Madame CJ Walker made a straightenin comb
But you won't know this is you weren't shown

The point I'm gettin' at it it might be harsh
'Cause we're just walkin' around brainwashed
So what I'm sayin' is not to diss a man
We need the 89 school system
One that caters to a Black return because
You must learn

Chorus

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Hip Hop Rules"

[krs-one]
Come again down man
This is krs-one on to wreck ruff ruff ruff stuff
So we're gonna do it like this now
Put up your hands if you love hip-hop music like I do, seen?
And we gonna do it like this now
Listen to the lyrics! bo!

Me say hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come again!
Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, we want!
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!
Rap music, we want the rap music, come again!
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!
Rap music, we want the rap music

Way back in the days, 1979
Fatback band made a record usin rhyme
In the same year come the sugarhill gang
With the pow pow boogie, and the big bang bang
R&b, disco, pop country jazz
All thought hip-hop, was just a little fad
But here comes grandmaster flash nonstop
And right after flash, run-d.m.c. dropped
Now, they had to pay attention to the scale
Where other music failed, hip-hop prevailed
See rap music has gone platinum from the start
So now in eighty-nine we gettin present as an art
Me ask, is it because, we've got the eighty-nine vision?
Whoa whoa whoa!
Or is it because, it's a unanimous decision
Hey hey hey hey

That hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come again!
Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, we want!
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!
Rap music, we want the rap music, come again!
Rap music, we want the rap music, come down!
Rap music, we want the rap music

I pick up the mic and put down crazy lyrics
I put it 'pon the phonograph so everyone can hear it
You want to sound like me bwoy, you can't come near it
Cause when I flash a new style, the people dem a cheer it
You get so jealous til you just can't bear it
Jealous of ms. melodie, me and derek
See derek is d-nice, and I'm krs-one ah
We'll rock ya in the winter and we rocked ya last summer
You want to battle me you got to wake up in the morning
Cause if you're still sleepin, then i'ma start yawnin

Because ah hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come again!
Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, we want!
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!
Rap music, we want the rap music, come again!
Rap music, we want the rap music, come down!
Rap music, we want the rap music

Just, put up your hands if you like rap music
Put up your hands if you like rap music
Ms. melodie boy she always on the mixer
And d-square, love rap music ah
Dj doc boy yes he's on the mix and
Krs-one'll flash a lyric, we say
Here comes yvette, on the lyric and
Big kap, rockin on the mix and
Bdp boy we'll flash a lyric a
Knock the suckers down every time dem hear it, because

Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come down!
Come again!
We want!
Bo!
Come again!
Bo!

* dub/instrumental of first verse reprised to fade *

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Bo! Bo! Bo!"

Bo bo bo clack clack clack clack clack
Get your street knowledge every posse know that come again
Bo bo bo clack clack clack clack clack
The only way to deal with racism if you're black

Well, seven in the morning I woke up to jog
Rushed out the door to inhale the smog
As I ran, I began to wonder
Should I produce or should I tour this summer
Well just that second I heard stay where you are
Before I could stop I was hit by a cop car
I laid on the pavement like I was hurt
Then a redneck cop jumped out with a smirk
He said, ah boy you better watch where you run
As he poked my side with the barrel of his shotgun
I said officer man I ain't do nothin
He said what's that word you n----s use, ya frontin?
Well ya frontin, so why were you running down the street?
At this time I had stood to my feet and said wait a minute
And that's when he did it, he hit me in the face with his gun I wasn't
With it so
On the ground was a bottle of snapple, I broke the bottle in his fucking
Adam's apple
As he fell his partner called for backup well, I had the shotgun and
Began to act up with that

(chorus)

Well I threw down the gun and began to run
I got back in no time and loaded the nine
First I took two clips and then I took two more
I was out the window cause by now they were right at my door
I took three shots and then I laid
They rushed in shooting so I threw a quick grenade
It went boom like a supernova
Badges arms heads legs cops were all over
I jumped out the fire escape down to the street and I started to run you
Know I couldn't feel my feet, I was weak, I said to myself holy shit!
My shirt had filled with blood I didn't know I got hit but there's no
Time to stop no time to explain man I'm in too deep with this everyday
Ghetto pain
Black men are judged by their clothes
Black women are looked at as hoes

So I as one of these uppity n----s
Can only rely on the sound of a trigga going

(chorus)

Well I staggered down the street to an old bookstore
Called the tree of life (yo d it ain't there no more)
But when it was boy I was lucky
Cause in the basement is where they stuck me
When I awoke at the 14th hour
Three black women had gave me a quick shower
I stayed a while and escaped in a truck
Driven by two guys, rakim and chuck
What the fuck I asked as I laid there how many guys do you drive a day
There? chuck said many, rakim said plenty it's an everyday thing when
You're willing to sing a song...

(chorus)

Peace and love to dj scott larock he's in there still!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Gimme Dat"

[krs-one]
Right, right! (woy)
Bring it (woy)
Bdp (woy)
Bdp (woy)
Bdp (woy)
Now smooth it out (woy, woy)
(woy)
(woy)
(woy)
Alright, here we go (woy, woy)

Hi, hello, whassup, and what's happenin?
I am known as the teacher in rappin
Some need slappin, cause what they're sayin
Is wack and weak and - wait, let me speak (woy)
Don't be the sucker comin into my face with that (woy)
Yang-yang, or you'll be down with the chain gang (woy)
Draggin your feet, to a beat produced by bdp (woy)
One of the many, from the library (woy)
I teach hip-hop for a living
So here's a smidgen, of what I'm givin
Krs-one two three four, encore
I'm not a freshman, sophomore, and further more (woy)
I graduated from the school of no shorts
To the world of rappin I brought
"that's it, that's all, single, no more, no less"
That style was created by dj krs (woy)
Offbeat got you out your seat (woy)
When I created the style, they studied every single week (woy)
Now you come in my face like you're rulin? (woy)
But I'm teacher boy, who you foolin!
See there's no defense against common sense
Confidence, intelligence or excellence
Intense, but here's the difference
Krs-one does not mean ignorance
Try obediance, magnificence
As a reference, stop the violence
Criminal minded, poetry, and jimmy hats
Is that your title? gimme dat! (woy)

(woy)
(woy)

(woy)
Now let's take it back a little bit (woy, woy)

(woy)
(woy)
You can't test bdp boy (woy)
So bust this down (woy, woy)

While I got your attention I feel like just
Lettin off two or three lyric then steppin
Jettin, gettin the respect of a teacher
My name is kris, 23, glad to meet ya
Bdp +is+ the number one set
I don't drop science, I teach it, correct!
Some get caught in my style like a net
They can't get out, so I treat em like a pet
Sit boy, down boy, don't bite me yet
I bet you're kind of hungry, here's a calcan, step
Cause I've got no time to hold your hand
I just slam, so you can understand who I am (woy)
The teacher, professor, scholar makin dollars (woy)
The trainer, entertainer, makin ya holla (woy)
The numero uno, number one, the best perfectionist (woy)
Crazy, fresh krs (woy, woy)
So gimme dat!

(woy)
(woy)
(woy)
Now take it on back (woy, woy)

Original.. original.. original.. hit it!

(woy)
(woy)
(woy)
Original.. ah one two three, we out! (woy, woy)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Ghetto Music"

"if you like the sound of what you've heard so far.."

[krs-one]
Ghetto music
Ghetto music
Ghetto music
Ghetto music..

.. you're tuned into that easy listening sound
With a cap and gown, not a crown
No glitter, no makeup
Just smashin lyrics, that make up
The b, d, and the p
You pay for the hits, the advice is free
In this industry, we gotta grow
Commercial some go, but, y'know
Just as important as they are
So is the underground superstar (like me)
You gotta ask yourself one question
Do I speak facts, or do I start guessin?
Learn the lesson, before you plan your career
Commercial or underground, where
Do you fit, cause both sides write hits
And all is rap, I'll admit
But what I've come to explain
Is that these people love to play a game
They wanna make it seem like you're wrong
For writin the reality song

(don't touch those issues, don't talk about dat
We don't take knowledge rap)

What? they want you on their bases
Cause if you bring out the brown, you're racist
But if you bring out the pink, well wait, it's ok
Yeah, they won't stop it
I guess it's alright to act demonic
I guess it's alright to act demonic
But that's another chapter, in another book
I've come to show a different look
And that look is the whole of rap
Not just the commercial pap
But the underground, that raw ghetto sound

From which rap music was found
So you can't deny it, you cannot refuse it
I'll be rockin that ghetto music

..

People keep tellin me, "kris!you need more radio
Yeah man, that's the way to go!
You gotta be like so-and-so to go platinum,"
Then I attack em!
I rhyme for the ghetto, I teach the ghetto
I cannot let go, change up? heck no
In the ghetto, I stay mellow
We're in effect yo, ready, set, go
Fresh, for nineteen eighty-nine you suckers
Peace to p.e., and the jungle brothers
Others, have come, to master the art
They start, with heart, then fall apart
Like a dart I shoot for one target (bo bo)
Ghetto music, yeah they'll never chart it
Cause now in eighty-nine, the purpose of a rhyme
Is to strengthen and uplift the mind
Although I'll achieve and achieve and achieve
It's simple, I'll never leave
Cause every time you front for respect you lose it
I'll rock ghetto music

Ghetto music
Ghetto music
Ghetto music
Ghetto music..

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"World Peace"

[krs-one]
World peace.. or world talk? !

Yeah..
One, two, three, four!

If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
Right now!
If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
Right now!
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

[krs-one]
Take it.. right now..
Don't hesitate! (world peace)
You want world peace? (world peace) (peace.. take it)
Or world talk?

(world peace..)
(world peace..)
(world peace..)

Yo, a lot of people are under the assumption
That peace, is soft or somethin
We must begin to reprogram our thought
From, how we were taught
Back in school, and our tv screens
Strength, is always mean
Love, is always soft
And peace is too peaceful
When all are equal
Sit back, and read the papers
About the murderers, thieves, and rapists
We depend on police for justice
But when do we say, enough is enough
Right now, and call their bluff
It's not a matter of frontin like you're tough
It's a matter of takin yours
And livin universal laws
Cause those laws, cannot be bribed

Nor changed, or paid on the side
You must come correct and walk straight
More love, less and less hate
When you walk, walk with authority
Tell the negative people, don't bother me
Move your face away, I ain't with it
In a minute, I'm gonna hit it!

If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
Right now!
If we really want world peace
World peace..
And we want it right now
.. or world talk
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

Break it down!
Take it, yeah!
World peace..
Yeah.. come in..

Crash, smash, don't ask
When the negative disrupts the class
How much longer? get stronger
The battle is getting longer
World, peace, or world talk
Do we run? or do we walk? (charge)
If you want world peace, take it
Cause a lot of our leaders fake it (fraud)
It's similar to armageddeon
When the positive people stop lettin
The negative, control, how we live
Listen to the music I give!

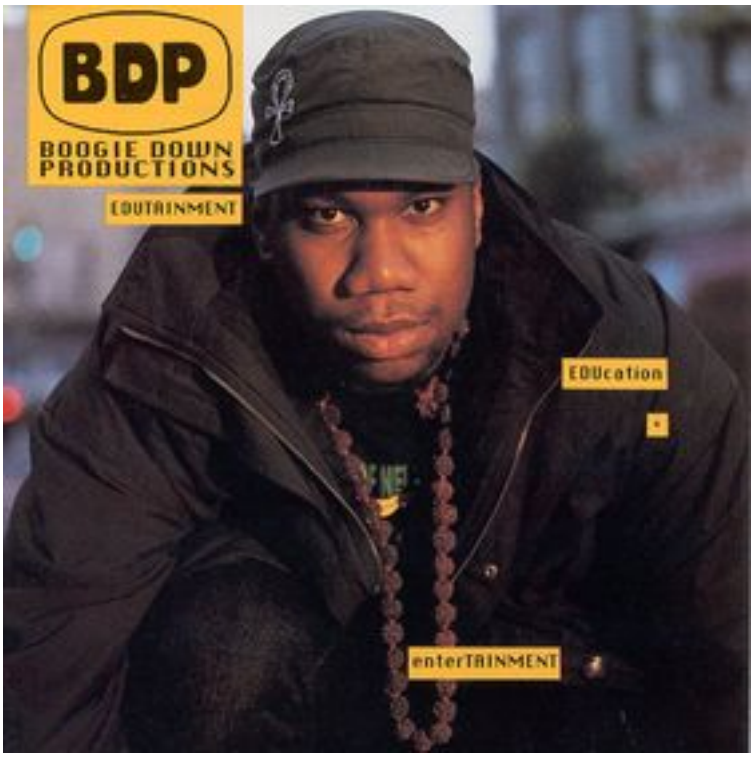
If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
Take it!
If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
World peace.. (right now!) ..or world talk?
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

Take it!
If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
World peace!

We must make up our minds to take.. it..
Right now!
If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
Come in now..
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
World peace.. or world talk? !

If we really want world peace
Yes I do
And we want it right now
When can I get it?
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
Come in!
If we really want world peace
That's it
And we want it right now
Right now
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

I want it now!
If we really want world peace
I want it right now!
And we want it right now
We need it right now!
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
No talk.. world peace!
If we really want world peace
Peace! *echoes*


BDP
BOOGIE DOWN PRODUCTIONS
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Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Exhibit A"

clapping, barking, and somebody yells "yo whassup? ? !"

[lawrence krisna parker]
One two
Rap music, what does it mean
What is everybody in this industry for
What is everybody, buying rap for
Why do people get involved, in rap music
Rap music number one, is the voice of black people, number one
Number two, it's the last voice, of black people
Black people have created every music you hear out here in the streets today
Every single music, rock and roll down
Therefore; in a situation that has, all african music in it
All african music, uhh, exploiting itself of it, or coming out of it
All african influence in all it's music
And you have what is called american music awards
You have what is called theft
And what I would like to bring out today is rap music
As, a revolutionary tool in changing the structure of racist america

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Blackman In Effect"

Blackman in Effect KRS-ONE and D-Nice
Wake up!
Take the pillow from your head and put a book in it.
It's time for the massive BDP crew at the top of the pile.
Yo. In the morning I'm yawning, at noon is when I wake up
Make up my bed break up the bread and said
Scratching my head, why am I so damn intimidating?
Is it because of laws designed to keep us waiting and waiting
Thus hating all forms of a setback
Get back, if you can't understand a rap act.
This is the language of the people ready to hear the crew
I've got no juice, 'cause I'm not getting juiced
To have juice means you kiss and lick a lot of booty
To have respect means you simply new or newly
Heard what I had to say and felt as though you'd say that too
I'm not down with a juice-crew
But anyway I say today the message I create is great
I don't preach hate, I simply get the record straight
It's not the fault of the black race that we are misplaced
We're robbin' and killin', your own medicine you taste
You built up a race on the concept of violence
Now in '90 you want silence
Well, I want science, not silence but science
Scientific fact about black
The board of education acts as if it's only reality
Is talking 'bout a Tom, Dick and Harry
So now you learn your black history is questions and answers
Every question but the Black Panthers
Timbuctoo existed when the caveman existed
Why then isn't this listed
Is this because the blackman is the original man
Or does it mean humanity is African
I don't know, but these sciences are hidden
For some strange reason it's forbidden
To talk about, or converse on a political outburst
I don't believe that I'm the first
Or should I say the first one, or the first one that's done
Music like I'm still number one
Music like that or this is the incredible uplift
Those that oppose get dissed
But who will oppose the teacher when society's a wreck
So check the blackman's in effect
Near the Tigris and Euphrates Valleys in Asia

Lies the Garden of Eden
Where Adam became a father to humanity
Now don't get mad at me
But according to facts, this seems just fantasy
Because man, the most ancient man
Was found thousands of years before Adam began
And where he was found, again they can't laugh at ya
It's right, dead, smack in Africa
But due to religious and political power
We must be denied the facts every hour
We run to school, tryin' to get straight A's
Let's take a trip way back in the days
To the first civilization on Earth, the Egyptians
Giving birth to science, mathematics and music
Religion, the list goes on, you choose it
Egypt was the land of spiritual blessing
Egypt was the land of facts, not guessing
People from all over the world had come
To learn from Egypt, Egypt number one
So people that believe in Greek philosophy
Know your facts, Egypt was the monopoly
Greeks had learned from Egyptian masters
You might say "Prove it", well here's the answers
640 to 322 b.C. originates Greek philosophy
But in that era Greece was at war
With themselves and Persia, what's more
Any philosopher at that time was a criminal
He'd be killed very simple
This indicates that Greece had no respect
For science or intellect
So how the hell you created philosophy
When you kill philosophers constantly
The point is that we descend from kings
Science, art and beautiful things
African history is the worlds history
This is the missing link and mystery
Once we realise they all are African
White will sit down with black and laugh again
So judge not least ye might be judged
By the judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged
Matthew seven, first verse doesn't budge
No man should walk the Earth and sludge
If you don't believe, you can go and check
To see how and where the blackman's in effect

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Ya Know The Rules"

[d-nice]
Aiyyo, aiyyo kris they know the rules
Hahahahaha, yeah ya don't stop (say what?)
A-ya don't stop (bdp in the house) a-ya don't stop
(check it out, check it out...yo, d!)
Yo bust it, yo yo kris hold on
Let me give a shout out to some people, aight bust it
A scott larock, and ya don't stop
A sammy b, and ya don't stop
A mister cee, and ya don't stop
A cool v, and ya don't stop
Evil e, and ya don't stop
A easylee, and ya don't stop
A dj scratch, and ya don't stop
A spinderella, and ya don't stop
Jam master jay, and ya don't stop
A pa mase, and ya don't stop
So yo kris, my mellow my man yo
Get on the mic and do the best you can

Verse one: krs

Well, the teacher comes to you, in effect
From a different style, a whole different sect
I inject, force and intellect
When I hit the mic, suckers hit the deck
I come correct and practice what I preach
I don't pimp you or rule you I teach
Come through the doors and slap up whores
Ordering them to put back on their drawers
Cause, I run their pimp
When I leave he leaves with a limp

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Exhibit B"

[unknown speaker]
History can never be made by one man, we must smash this one quickly
History is made only by the masses of the people, this is clear
Even a, cursory glance at the falasfallacious presentation
Of history by the american capitalist system, will demonstrate just this
Take george washington, as bad as he is
Put him in the middle of valley forge, by himself, surrounded
By the british, he can do nothing
laughing and applause
Mhmhmmmhmm
Take martin luther king as righteous as he is
Put him in the middle of birmingham by himself, speaking out against racism
He would be lynched
But you take this same king, you take this same washington
Put them in valley forge, put them in alabama
Surround them with thousands of people who have the same ideas they do
Willing to make those ideas reality and the situation changes drastically

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Beef"

Beef, what a relief
When will this poisonous product cease?
This is another public service announcement
You can believe it, or you can doubt it
Let us begin now with the cow
The way it gets to your plate and how
The cow doesn't grow fast enough for man
So through his greed he makes a faster plan
He has drugs to make the cow grow quicker
Through the stress the cow gets sicker
Twenty-one different drugs are pumped
Into the cow in one big lump
So just before it dies, it cries
In the slaughterhouse full of germs and flies
Off with the head, they pack it, drain it, and cart it
And there it is, in your local supermarket
Red and bloody, a corpse, neatly packed
And you wonder about heart attacks?
Come on now man let's be for real
You are what you eat is the way I feel
But, the food and drug administration
Will tell you meat is the perfect combination
See cows live under fear and stress
Trying to think what's gonna happen next
Fear and stress can become a part of you
In your cells and blood, this is true
So when the cow is killed, believe it
You preserve those cells, you freeze it
Thaw it out with the blood and season it
Then you sit down and begin eatin it
In your body, it's structure becomes your structure
All the fear and stress of another
Any drug is addictive by any name
Even drugs in meat, they are the same
The fda has america strung out
On drugs in beef no doubt
So if you think that what I say is a bunch of crock
Tell yourself you're gonna try and stop
Eatin meat and you'll see you can't compete
It's the number one drug on the street
Not crack, cause that was made for just black
But brown beef, for all american teeth
Life brings life and death brings death

Keep on eatin the dead and what's left
Absolute disease and negative
Read the book 'how to eat to live'
By elijah muhammad, it's a brown paperback
For anybody, either white or black
See how many cows must be pumped up fatter
How many rats gotta fall in the batter
How many chickens that eat shit you eat
How much high blood pressure you get from pig feet
See you'll consume, the fda could care less
They'll sell you donkey meat and say it's
Fresh!for nineteen-ninety, you suckers

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"House Nigga"

Let me see, let me see
How should I start
If I say stop the violence, I won't chart
Maybe I should write some songs like mozart
'cause many people don't believe rap is an art
Wake up, shake up, hypocrite look alive
Blastmaster krs-one will revive
Four or five million still deprived
When out to survive, wake up and realize
Some people say I am a rap missionary
Some people say I am a walking dictionary
Some people say I am truly legendary
But what I am is simply a black revolutionary
I write rhymes on plain stationary
Mary, mary, quite contrary
Doesn't make sense in my vocabulary
Uncle tom house niggaz, too scary
So they can't be around, I don't do this
For every jesus, there must be a judas
It's the concept of the house nigga, field nigga
The house nigga will sell you up the river
So to massa, he'll look bigger
And when ya bet under a rock, he'll slither
But I'll grab the tail of the house nigga
Pull the trigger and his head I'll deliver
To the court of righteous people
Black, white, or indian, we're all equal
So all ya racist codes I'll decode, explode
And eat you like apple pie a la mode
On a hot day, don't bring me no hamhocks
Cause round the clock, I'll kick their buttocks
All afternoon in the classroom, in the living room
In the bathroom, in the swimming pool
On a footstool, then I'll stop -- nope, april fools!
Whip out the baseball bat and somehow
March your racist butt to moscow

Ya know what I'm saying?
Are there any, are there any intelligent people in the house?

What can I say, o ye of little faith
To think that krs-one has surely been erased
What a waste, my finger points at the face of the human race

They're confused and misplaced
My words are subliminal, sometimes metaphysical
I teach, not preach, you want a challenge? I'll start dissin you
I go philosophical by topical
Hearin the call, ignorant, hot tropical
Ya want a palm tree and nice dope shade?
Only if the universal law is obeyed
Which is "know thyself" for better mental health
Yet so many rappers are preoccupied with wealth
On my shelf I got titles
Other artists want belts and idols
World cups from seminars and conventions
Competition and not to mention
The award shows for pimps and hoes
And every other hypocrite that flaunt their clothes
Krs knows, so he just grows
Always sayin somethin different from the average joe's
So I confront them with the biggest chain
But it doesn't rate albums, I believe it is the brain
So I'll remain free while you reign, I'm lovin it
You be the king and I'll overthrow your government
Send your crew to berlin or dublin
I'll out-think em, chump em, and shrink em
Down to ya size, despite the cries
In the face of intelligence, ignorance dies
Dear, it's simple edutainment
Rap needed a teacher, so I became it
Rough and ready, the beats are very steady
With lyrics sharp as a machete
Clap, there's another house niggaz neck
Another soft unlce tom crew is in check
Ego wrecked and rhymes corrected
By krs-one, produced and directed

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Exhibit C"

[krs]
Ya know, so we wanna clear the air
And let you all know what time of day it really is
Bdp are black revolutionaries
First for humanity, then for the upliftment of africa
And it goes a little somethin, like this

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Love's Gonna Get'cha"

Ya know that's why man I be telling you all the time man, you know love,
That word love is a very serious thing, and if you don't watch out I tell ya
That (love's gonna get you) because a lot of people out here say "i love my
Car" or "i love my chain" or or "i'm I'm just in love with that girl over
There" so far all the people out there that fall in love with material items
We gonna bump the beat a lil' something like this

Im in junior high with a b plus grade,
At the end of the day I don't hit the arcade,
I walk from school to my moms apartment,
I got to tell the sucaks everyday "don't start it",
Cause where I'm at if your soft your lost,
To say on course means to roll with force,
A boy named rob is chillin in a benz,
In front of my building with the rest of his friends,
I give him a pound, oh I mean I shake his hand,
He's the neighborhood drug dealer, my man,
I go upstair and hug my mother,
Kiss my sister, and punch my brother,
I sit down on my bed to watch some tv,
(machine gun fire) do my ears decieve me,
Nope, that's the fourth time this week,
Another fast brother shot dead in the street,
The very next day while I'm off to class,
My moms goes to work cold busting her ass,
My sisters cute but she got no gear,
I got three pairs of pants and with my brother I share,
See there in school see I'm made a fool,
With one and a half pair of pant you ain't cool,
But there's no dollars for nothing else,
I got beans, rice, and bread on my shelf,
Every day I see my mother struggling,
Now it's time I've got to do something,
I look for work I get dissed like a jerk,
I do odd jobs and come home like a slob,
So here comes rob he's cold and shivery,
He gives me two hundred for a quick delivery,
I do it once, I do it twice,
Now there's steak with the beans and rice,
My mother's nervous but she knows the deal,
My sister's gear now has sex appeal,
My brothers my partner and we're getting paper,
Three months later we run our own caper,

My family's happy everything is new,
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do,

Chorus

That's why, (loves gonna get you)
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)
You fall in love with your chain,
You fall in love with your car,
Loves gonna sneak right up and snuff you from behind,
So I want you to check the story out as we go down the line,
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)

Money's flowing, everything is fine,
Got myself an uzi and my brother a nine,
Buisness is boomin' everything is cool,
I pull about a g a week fuck school,
A year goes by and I begin to grow,
Not in height but juice and cash flow,
I pick up my feet and begin to watch tv,
Cause now I got other people working for me,
I got a 55 inch television you know,
And every once in awhile I hear just say no,
Or the other commercial I love,
Is when they say, this is your brain on drugs,
I pick up my remote control and just turn,
Cause with that bullshit I'm not concerned,
See me and my brother jump in the bm,
Driving around our territory again,
I stop at the light like a superstar,
And automatic weapons cold sprayed my car,
I hit the accelerater scared as fuck,
And drove one block to find my brother was hit,
He wasn't dead but the blood was pouring,
And all I could think about was war and,
Later I found that it was rob and his crew,
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do,

Ya know that's why, (loves gonna get you)
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(love loves gonna get you)
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)
(love loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)
That word love is very very serious(loves gonna get you)
Very addictive

My brothers out of it, but I'm still in it,
On top of that I'm in it to win it,
I can't believe that rob would diss me,
That faggot, that punk, he's soft a sissy,

I'm driving around now with three of my guys,
The war is on and I'm on the rise,
We rolled right up to his favorite hang out,
Said hello and then the bullets rang out,
Some fired back so we took cover,
And all I could think about was my brother,
Rob jumped up and began to run,
Busting shots hoping to hit someone,
So I just stopped, and let off three shots,
Two hit him and one hit a cop,
I threw the gun down and began to shout,
Come on I got him it's time to break out,
But as we ran there were the boys in blue,
Pointing their guns at my four man crew,
They shot down one, they shot down two,
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do,

(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)
(love loves gonna get you)
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)
(love loves gonna get you)
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you),
(loves gonna get you)
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)
(love loves gonna get you)
Ya know a lot of people believe that that word love is real soft, but when
You use it in your vocabulary like your addicted to it it sneaks right up
And takes you right out. out. out. out. out.
So, for future reference remember it's alright to like or want a material
Item, but when you fall in love with it and you start scheming and carrying
On for it, just remember, it's gonna get'cha

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"100 Guns"

("one... two... three... four...")

[krs-one singing: to the tune of 'ebony and ivory']
Krs and melodie... live together with d-nice, and harmony
Side by side with rebecca, d-square, sidney
B...d...p...!
("one... two... three... four...") yes!

Chorus: krs-one

I got a hundred gun two hundred clips
Goin to new york, new york
I got a hundred gun two hundred clips
Goin to new york, new york

Verse one: krs-one

Well, I'm drivin my car, cross country
With a hundred guns and about six g
Me drivin through a town, me see two cops
They lookin at me funny like they really want stop
Me just turn my head, and gwan on me way
Put hip-hop ina de tape and press play
Me get one block and me hear "pull ov-ah"
The guns are in the trunk, with a thin cov-ah
They ax me for id, driver's license prefer
Me ax them "was I breakin any law, officer? "
They said "oh yes, you passed county line
Niggers in these here parts now is a crime"
I said "is that so? ", and cocked back me nine
Bust two shots, ina the bwoy head top
His knees just-a-buckle, and his body-a-drop
Me put the car in drive, and me did not stop
When I get to new york, I'm gonna set up shop
Bwoy!

Chorus

("one... two... three... four...")

Verse two: krs-one

Me in a hotel, off ninety-five north

Everything's fine, and yes me on course
Me walk to a bathroom, take a lickle leak
But right out the window, I can hear the cops speak
"we have the place surrounded we're about to move in"
That's when I pick up my nine and just begin
Pump pump pump! first copper hit the ground
Pump pump pump! second copper go down
Me jump out the window, tryin not to make a sound
Me run to the car, gunfire all around
I start up the engine, bust the barricade
All because illegally I want to get paid
Pump pump pump! there goes my tire
Me spun out of control, the car caught on fire
Me jump out the car, put me hands in the air
Cops just surrounding me with pistols everywhere
They put me in the backseat of their car handcuffed
Pushed out them chests like they're big rough and tough
A cop come and said "you'll never sell your guns now"
I said "it doesn't matter, you'll sell them anyhow
You take the guns from me, you sell them for a fee
Anyway you put it, they'll get in the city"
Hahaha... so still

Chorus 2x

Fiyah!!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Ya Strugglin'"

[kwame toure']
Africans in america try to identify
Totally with their master in every respect
They are the only ones who can not do it
But they are the ones who will go to all extremes to do it
* laughing * (check it out) * then laughing some more *
They can not be disguised
But they will attempty to disguise themselves

[krs-one]
I'm on a search, not for a car or a miniskirt
But the words I wish to exert
Will hurt, damage or upset the ego
You wanna be macho, yeah, but we know the deal
Jheri curls just ain't gettin it
Krs-one is only down for pickin it
Pick the afro, need no soul glo
Or carefree curls, that's just a no-no
Where oh where, are all the real men
The feminine look seems to be the trend
You got eyeliner on, chillin and maxin
See you're a man with a spine extraction
So what I'm askin is plain to see
Are there any straight singers in r&b?
All I see, is the light-skinned buffy
Tryin hard, to be mr. tuffy
Yet in fact, you're mr. softie
With the beige contacts on, yo you lost me
I ain't with it, never will, never have
How can your son even call you dad?
Your skin is bleached and your nails you just buffin
Take a look at yourself man, ya strugglin'

[kwame toure']
Africa is so strong, that once she puts a stamp on you
Four hundred years of cold weather, death,
And all that fryin your hair shall not disguise you
As a matter of fact, she is so strong
That no matter what chemicals you put in your hair
She will come back and snatch it up
* audience laughter *

[krs-one]

Tell me
Are you proud man, of who you are?
Or does your pride come out of a jar
Cause if you bought it, put it on, or sprayed it on
I tell you right now, it won't stay long
Cause if it ain't natural, it ain't kosher
It's like buyin and wearin a culture
If that culture ain't yours naturally
It's his, not yours, actually
You better wake up and smell the coffee
Look in the mirror and think mr. softie
People change, when they are ashamed
Of how they look or from which they came
Are you ashamed, of original black?
If you're not, why does your hair look like that?
Why is your nose straighter, from surgery?
I think you're really in a state of emergency
You're not sane to the african aim
So you're insane, and you need to obtain
Any, average rap album sculpture
And study it, just, to learn your culture
Even though, you don't think it's music
It's the blackest you'll ever get so use it
The blue-eyed black man to me is buggin
Take a look at yourself man, ya strugglin'

[kwame toure']
* audience laughter *
Yess.. capitalism will confuse these people, have them totally confused
They will try every way to identify with their masters, every way
Go to extreme lengths * laughter *, I'm telling you, seriously!
Capitalism will confuse them y'know tell them the truth's a lie
I saw a sister the other day and I spoke to her about her hair
She said, "i don't care what you say, I'm still gonna get my perm!"
I told her, "it's not a perm, it's a temporary"
* audience laughter *
Try in every possible way to identify..

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Breath Control Ii"

[krs-one]
Hah, giddyap!
Ha ha ha hah..
Another dope dope dope style
By the massive bdp crew
Of course, I will now present to you
A different view, for 1990
Of course, eighty-nine is behind me
Check it out

It's called breath control, breath control, breath control stylee
Breath control a-lone, breath control a-lone
Breath control, breath control, breath control stylee
Breath control a-lone..

It's krs-one, yes the t'cha
I wear clarks and only nike sneaker
In your speaker, is the new style
Dedicated to the intelligent child
In the front row, or behind me
We're gonna pull somebody file for the 90's
You want lyrics? we come correct
Bdp, only movin with respect
The other mc's, they can't believe me
A when I rhyme it sound just like a cd
We don't lip-sync, we go all live
On stage, I bring about four or five
That's d-nice, sydney, and melodie
And myself, harmony, and willie d
We come humble, we just grumble
While other mc's crew just crumble
They want dancers, they want lighting
They want effects, to make them look exciting
But it's frightening, cause without that
The whole crew, is whick whick whick whack
Bdp comes, with the cheapest
And perform miracles like jesus
The total respect, we achieve it
And the big head-liner can't believe it

It's called breath control, breath control, breath control stylee
Breath control a-lone, breath control a-lone
Breath control, breath control, breath control stylee

Breath control a-lone.. get ready for the break..

Ha ha ha ha ha hah..
Well the styles i, usually dish out
Are so dope that you don't wanna miss out
We got pages, of the dope stuff
So in the record store, you can't pass by us
Get the album, hear the music
And hold on so you just don't lose it
As a reference, for any mc
That wanna test, k-r-s, o-n-e
Cause I've been watchin, these other rap groups
They walk around like they're some kinda big soup
You can't touch them, you only see them
In a arena or big coliseum
So when you watch them, for a second
Them sound nuttin like they do on record
Them sound cheesy, them sound wheezy
For twenty dollars boy you know them never please me
So I see this, and prevent this
It's like goin for a checkup at the dentist
Cause when you come to a bdp performance
The microphone, had better have endurance
Cause we'll check it, and then wreck it
And then the soundman has got to accept it

Because it's breath control, breath control, breath control stylee
Breath control a-lone, breath control a-lone
Breath control, breath control, breath control stylee
Breath control a-lone.. take it out..

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Exhibit D"

[krs-one]
All you white people out there that think you're down with america can
Forget it. cause they tax all of us. all of us, one by one. just
Take a look at leona helm-helmsley. taxed her, she's white I believe.
laughter yeah threw her butt right in jail. she ain't nothin but
Another hoe, according to this system.*laughter* you ain't pay your
Taxes hoe, get back in jail. *uproarious laughter*

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Edutainment"

[krs-one]
Give it to em!

Nuff respect!and praise to the creator
Over the years it seems that I became a
Landmark, in the hip-hop field of art
I she'd light, yet my skin is dark
I'm not conerned with climbin the chart
Cause why should you pay when it comes from the heart?
I'll start, cause only jah will create it
I'll just name it, edutainment
People sit and they look at my album
Like a problem, they try to solve em
They don't know, it only leads the way
To a bright more positive day
By itself, it's not the bright day
Sit up straight, and hear what I say
Fear and ignorance, I'm down for stoppin this
But the bright day is your conciousness
I am poet, my words will heal you
I'm not a phony I'll really feel you
That's why I walk and talk to my nation
Wherever they are, in any situation
They usually ask for an autograph
And I'll whip out the pen and just write blast-
-master, k-r-s, o-n-e
Bdp, peace and unity
But do not concentrate on the paper
Concentrate on the laws of the creator
Cause when the paper's gone, it will deceive you
But allah will never leave you

Nothing I say now is hypothetical
These are the facts, a little metaphysical
We are one, every heart every lung
So why then was the black man hung?
He was hung by the so-called christians
That went to church, and did not listen
See jesus couldn't stand politics
So they nailed him to a crucifix
Then it was that way, today it's a trigger
So why is the pope such a political figure?
I don't know, but it's really beyond me

But through knowledge, they'll never con me
Cause from jesus christ to right now
Everytime a black man speaks up, ka-pow
See people concentrate on the leader
And not the message comin through the speaker
If the christians really heard christ
The black man never would've lived this life
My point is that do not concentrate
On what I state, create, or debate
I might be great, and you might admire
But what I say is to take you much higher
More higher than the physical plane
To the plane of forces in the astral plane
The mental plane, and the final three
They're all around you, yet you can't see
So grab the sphere of life and aim it
And you'll be guided by edutainment

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Homeless"

Yeah...
You could call a man a bum with disgust on your morning run
Cause he lives outside in the street, you don't know this
But you've failed to realise that the one you so despise
Reflects yourself cos every black man is homeless
You could take your alka-seltzer while you talk about shelter
You might even wanna talk about a little loan
Cause no matter how rich you become you'll always be two, not one
Cause believe it or not, america ain't your home
We've been taught to say our name, afro-american, all the same
Not fully american but gettin' there very slowly
Cause to fully be american, you know, you gotta take out the word 'afro'
Now they've relaxed I hear they might as well call us toby
See, afro and black are african, while theft is american
So how can afro-american make much sense?
Your ancestors come from africa
By stealing them now you're born in america
So the black man is homeless even though he pays rent
Some black people say "we built this place
So we are american, but of the black race"
Well let me make this little topic known
The japanese also built this place
In technology and they're winnin' the race
But at the end of the day the japanese can go home
Do you see the point that I'm getting at?
I'm not a racist, I'm statin' a fact
Blacks are actually prisoners of war
Cause while south africa continues to fight
We try our best to look more and more white
Proof that the blacks have been stripped of their core
Well, I guess I didn't sing and dance enough
For black radio to play this stuff
But this ain't soft like ice-cream with a sugar cone
I'm only here to state one fact
Wake up african, your colour is black
And every black man is homeless cause he ain't got no home

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Exhibit E"

[krs-one]
Lincoln said, in this piece here, he says... he frees the slaves; he
Said, "all slaves in armed rebellion." the slaves. now understand one
Point: the african is not a slave, that's one point that they didn't
Realize when they were writin this. the african is not a slave. the
African has a history far more advanced than this nineteen-ninety
History we're in right now. he's not a slave. lincoln's ultimately
Sayin now you were born a slave, you'll always be a slave, and all i
Will ever see you as is a slave, and I free you.

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Kenny Parker Show"

Indeed truly we are the mighty mighty bdp posse
This is our 4th album and we're still not takin no shorts
Yeah.. ha hah!
On the wheels of steel, is kenny parker
As we say he can't get no darker
All about action, not a fast talker
All the whick whack sucker dj's
Gotta try much harder
My man willie willie willie d
Taggin up bdp with a fat marker
And this, is what's on today's charter
Ha hah hah
All the ladies in the place throw your hands up in the air
Bdp rockin without no fear
So kenny parker if you know what time it is
Throw the funky fresh beat in like this

C'mon!

* crowd chants "go, go, go, go" for a while *

Ha hah
Well it's me, down with bdp
Krs-one rocks any party
Rocks the beats, and the breaks
Rock the socks off the frauds and the fakes
The suckers shake, while I'm creatin
They get together and they start debatin
How can we take him out one time?
So they push up the best with the freshest rhyme
I might go first, and he'll go second
I'll wreck him, deck him, say to him, "just checkin the mic"
Droppin fresh styles I like
So throw up your hands and drop your mic
Cause I'll go third, and he'll go fourth
By the fifth you're dissed cause you lost
Six is your beatdown, your title is seven
Takin out your four man crew makes eleven
By the twelveth well I'll go for self
Rockin new york like no one else
You can check any rapper from seventy-eight
A few have rocked their whole career straight
Some had dope twelve inches, count em

But not many crews had slammin albums
Bdp rocks consistently
From _criminal minded_ to 1990
Why? well that's my secret baby
Here's a hint: the public pays me
So you can call me a public servant
Not a king but a teacher, I'll believe I earned it
So I just walk, or ride my bike
If I walk to a jam well I'll rock the mic
Gimme a chance and I'll rock the house
But don't let a sucker try to take me out
Cause male or female, I will strangle
If it's a crew, they'll have to untangle
Adidas, nike's, arms, mics
Turntables suckers in the wheel of my bike
Step right up if that's what you like
But watch your head cause it'll fly like a kite
In the night at a height right for flight
Way out of sight, you bite, I recite
My style is bright, still you're sellin out to white
As your faggot dj would say, "well allllright"
I am your mentor
Victory is mine, it's time you surrender
Sucker! and just back up quickly
Your style is sickly, but you persist to get me
Or outwit me with the style that I created
Years ago when you was doin a dollar fifty show
Oh, all of a sudden you don't know
Or can't remember, can't recall, can't bring to mind
That rhyme that place do not chase
I run a marathon a race of rhymes in your face
In case you bass I'll erase your whole rap
Tell you right now I ain't tryin to hear that

I don't dress up to rap or keep a hairdo
I only grab the mic and bust holes in a crew
I deny your existence as artists
You're puttin out a record expectin to chart
But it's weak, but when you speak through the microphone
You fail to realize nope you're not alone
On the earth, the light comes forth as krs
Intelligence, force, and love manifest in the flesh
I snatch the mic and she'd light
Behave, you're still a 20th century slave
Headed for the grave in a wave
So save the microscopic miniature small talk and walk
And put a little pep in your step
Krs-one will destroy any ignorant reputation
In the nation, in creation

Princes, kings, queens, or any occupation
Like rappers with nuttin to say
I crush those idiots and throw em away
Cause no matter how fatter the wallet, I'd rather
Gather together and splatter whatever
Egotistic mystics, with macho poses
If you ain't for black you're down for guns 'n' roses
Yeah! c'mon!
Throw your hands in the sky
And wave em from side to side
And if you're in this life just gettin by
Somebody say, alright! (alright!) alright! (alright!)

Dj kenny parker takin out these sucker dj's
My man willie d, never in a daze, ha hah
We got symone in the house
We got, d-square in the house
We got ms. melodie rockin the soundset
My man d-nice, hit it!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Original"

[Ms. Melodie]
Extra extra, read all about it!
KRS-One's rhymes, have been doubted
Suckers stepped up, and got MURDERED!!

[KRS-One]
Pump pump pom pom POING!
Yo, this goes out, to George Bush
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick... Margaret Thatcher
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick... Bensonhurst
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick... De Klerk
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick

It feels good to grab the mic and just allow yourself to chat
The master of the microphone is here and he's black
Recitin poetry, beautifully articulated
Demonstrated by the never faded strong facial feature
Of the teacher, I am the teacher, you can check it
The styles they're doing, is from my old record
They bought my album, for $8.99
Studied the style, then wrote they own rhyme
I don't mind because I'm here to show
The lost MC's which way to go
So here's my rep, to those that slept
And didn't get the first concept in depth
I am the manifestation of study
NOT, the manifestation of money
Therefore I advance through thought
Not what's manufactured and bought
Concentration, and calculation
Goes into every song creation
The first and second album rocked you
Third album made you think and got through
Didn't you think I knew?
Number three, wasn't for the dance crew
But it gave me a chance to see
Who was REALLY down with BDP
I set the warm milk, in the glass
And the snakes came out the grass

They don't realize I'm not confined
Nor trapped by space and time
I am a rebel, an overthrower
Descendant of the black man Noah
Radio DJ's, all around
Constantly tell me how they are down
To uplift Africa and unite black
Yet they fronted when I dropped _Why Is That?_
It's a fact, I don't beg for juice, I just get loose
And demonstrate the truth
Many MC's can only rock the many
But I rock a few with my brother Kenny
>From twenty-thousand to ten I'm housin
African culture is what I'm arousin
In your consciousness, soul and body
Pay attention while I rock the party
Cause now I'm gonna show ya how the East Coast rocks
Bumpin sucker MC's out the box
Rockin the dreadlocks and the flattops
I like these ops, so I'll try not to stop, but drop
The new hip-hop, and get props
Scott La, Scott La, Scott La, Scott LaRock
Spins in heaven, while the earth I rock
MC's adopt, the styles I drop
They got no direction, they got no direction, they got no direction
So they wanna go pop
Chasin the charts up and down like suckers
Totally ignoring their sisters and brothers
They're the ones to say you're number one
Not chart position, so pick up the drum and hum
Sing along, it's a poetry session
Mathematically applied, no guessin
I'm fresh and dope and wild and wicked
Get your ticket, come straight to the jam I'll rip it
Original lyrics, original lyrics, original lyrics, Kenny Parker on the mix!

[Special K]
Yes yes I'm Special K
On New York's Two show on WBDP
This is the brand new one by KRS-One of Boogie Down Productions
And it's off the Edutainment LP
Wanna send a shout out to the BDP Posse
Of course to Teddy Ted, Nice and Smooth, D-Nice, D-Square
And my man Fish, Sidney Mills, Ms. Melodie, Willie D
And of course me... seeya!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Racist"

Verse

I've been taught to respect my elders and behave
Even if when they were young they sold slaves
Truth and understandin' is what I crave
In the land of the thief, home of the slave
Turn your page to a brief demonstration
Cos now in '90 it's strictly information I'm givin'
Teachin' on a regular basis
Today's lecture is about The Racist
We're not out to exaggerate or diss him
But show the symptoms and facts of racism
Understand The Racist ain't equal
There's about five different types of racist people
First of the five different types of cases
Is the individual brought up racist
Here you have young men and women
Brought up in the Great White Way opinion
This opinion introduced by the parent
To the civilised becomes transparent
The civilised man could look through the faces
Make the analysis and see The Racist
Number two case which y'all must hear
Is the individual racist out of fear
Here you have people that fear the African
And conjure up new ways of trappin' him
Number three is the unconscious racist
Not knowin' they're racist they invade your spaces
They say, "I'm not a racist, I'm not a bigot"
Yet they allow it to go on and won't admit it
Number four is the money racist
The one that used the topics of sheer economics
They say, "Owning a business isn't for the black man
He don't want that", yet they went and took his land
Damn, that's like a rock in a hard place
You don't have your land yet this ain't your space
America was built by every other race
Except the European that runs this place
What a waste, America's doomed
To be overthrown by the righteous real soon
But last but not least racial prejudice
Is the black man speakin' out of ignorance
Whitey this and Ching-Chow that

Is not how the intelligent man acts
You can't blame the whole white race
For slavery, cos this ain't the case
A large sum of white people died with black
Tryin' hard to fight racial attacks
The media wants you to think that no whites
Really fought and died for Civil Rights
But once we have a true sense of history
You'll see this too as a mystery
If black and white didn't argue the most
They could clearly see the government's screwin' 'em both.

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"7 Dee Jays"

[krs-one]
Yes! chillin in the place right now
Harmony and heather b, ms. melodie
Dj jamal-ski, dj kenny parker
And of course we are gettin much darker
Because the africanism is in effect
So check it out, man!
And try not to bite the lyrics
Poi!

So come in now with the chorus of the day
Because we don't play

Chorus: krs-one

It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud
It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound
But d-nice, you're gonna make the party live

[d-nice]
Bust it, yo
I love to diss whores, I love to do tours
Makin young ladies just drop their drawers
And when they drop em, I don't kick em, check it
Like the fat boys said, i"brrrrrrrr, stick em!"
From that point on, I say we're on for the night
But I love it when the girl just call me d-nice
And if she gets bold and try to ask for a fee
I say, "please hoe, it's all about me"

[heather b]
It's not the star spangled banner or the red white and blue
But the underground sister from the edutainment crew
So what you do, is back up if you work for bush
Cause all the presidential prison pushin politicians
Gotta get mushed, gimme back my land you sucka
You beat down my father and you raped my mother africa
And now you wanna laugh at her
I feel like pickin up a razor, and slashin ya
Snatch up margaret thatcher and unmaskin her
To find out she's a man without a manicure
Go to president deklerk without askin her

And bust some shots for south africa
And if margaret jumps in, I start bashin her
For every freedom fighter start crashin her
And then heather b will get nastier
And pull out my two shot derringer
Cause yes, heather b comes classier
Cause heather b, jamal-ski, and krs the trainer
Makes up the dope crew called, edutainer
You'll find the law of balance on the two turntables
So look out for the fresh edutainer label

[krs-one]
Biddi-by-by, by, by-by-by, jamal-ski, ki-ki-kiyah!

[jamal-ski] {best guess}
Jump up and be upon the mic and stick em
Come follow me the man me work for the mic
They call me top celebrity
Me bigga me badda mad hatta me callin it well and dead-ly
Me nah got no nine millimeter, me not want ya uzi
But I kill run a leggin on misses dancee
Blam! blam!we comin out and yes you are the don
You hold for the mic upon they call me lyrical champion
Me bigga me black, me know if me chat, ya know me and ya done
Me read from genesis unto relevation
Me nice and into england, nice it up in ja-pan
Me have armitage, me have enough stylee
Me whyla, grab the mic andna, sing to me, andna

[krs-one]
Come in de dance with the nuff stylee
And krs-one, now comin in with harmony

[harmony]
Now I'm comin to the dancehall, everybody call
Follow me follow me, sister harmony
I perk, perk, perk, perk you up-a
You don't need no coffee, let me, fill your cup-a
Perk, perk, perk, perk you up-a
You don't need no coffee, let me, fill your cup
I'm a, stimulator, administrator
Activator, initiator
Captivator, originator
Perculator, perk you up
It's harmony, the minor key
That moves with the rhythm passionately
I ain't ego trippin I do it humbly
Cause everybody's bound to hear the sound of bdp
It's easy, for me you see

I ain't the one or the two, I'm the three
And three (badda-ba-ba-by-by) it's the magic numberrr
(badda-ba-ba-by-by)

Chorus: krs-one

It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud
It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound
But krs, you're gonna make the party live

[krs-one]
Well now it's blastmaster krs-one
When we come in the dance, my lyrics not done
Pray to my father cause yes me are the son
Cause you are the guide and my pro-tection
Any sucker mc must run come
Kyan't test the boogie down production man
Move ya ras claat, bdp stand alone
1990 lyrics 'pon the microphone
Every posse know we come in the dance
We teach reality-ta-tee an'
Reality, reality-ta-ta-tee
We nah deal with sickness and negativity
We come up in the dance in the ruff stylee
In the discipline krs-one is just a flyer
Come up in the dance with my man called edi ayah
On the con-sole we have the man d-square
Come up in the dance, and him must comb him hair-ah
Come up in the dance, and me let off a clip-ah
At george bush, cause him d my nigga
Krs-one, him the president come
The crew called bdp, melo-di-di-de-de

[ms. melodie]
Comin live and direct in full effect
Ms. m-e-l-o-d-i-e on the mic check
Well I'm up in your face like the wind from a blizzard
Got my wrap around your throat, like you're chokin on a gizzard
If someone said, well damn, who is it?
It's ms. melodie, the real, so get with it

[?]
Fatalistic pessimistic, a big conspiracy
The way they treat blacks, in white society
It's erection rebellion, revolution uprisin
Takin no shorts, because jah is guidin
Government they try to manage and rule
Dictate, regulate, and perpetrate the fool

That's why I search, explore, inspect, investigate
Drop down knowledge, and kill dub plates

[krs-one]
Kill dub plate-ah mi say kill dub plate-ah
Kill dub plate-ah mi say kill dub plate-ah
Krs-one, boy, must come fi straighter
Comin up and doin the dance but not from eighty-eight-ah
Every posse know me come in the dance not later
Come in early, every posse captivator
Krs-one, and enough herb gate-ah
Come up in the dance, and we cannot debate-ah
Krs-one, them call me krs-one-ah
Krs-one, me come to nice up any ja-a-am
Krs-one, them call me krs-one-ah
Krs-one, me come to nice up any jam
Me comin in the dance, with the crew called bdp-ah
Down with the set is a harmony-ah
Ms. melodie and my man kenny p ah
Come in jam and look at what a raw stylee

[jamal-ski] {best gues}
Them name me permanent, permanent, permanent, permanent
Pick-a-dig-dinny
Jump up upon me come to run it again
Me work pon the microphone you betta tell your best friend
Tell your mudda and tell you fadda
And tell your sista and yuh bruda
A when they hold fi di mic they call me dj murderahh
Me lyrical champion, they call me lyrical champion
Lyrical champion, they call me lyrical champion, follow me now
Lyrical champion, well they call me lyrical champion, flash it
Oil the mic and ah, me on the jam
Jump upon the mala the mic in ah me hand an' a
When me do that, the dancehall fi run
Some of dem sell fi cocaine, some of dem sell ganjah
But I'm the one msn jamal me sell the culture stylah
And me hold pon the microphone, they call me entertainer
Now, top celebrity, top celebrity, top celebrity rankin
Top celebrity, top celebrity, hoo-hah, ha-hah!
Top celebrity, top celebrity, top celebrity rankin
I'm the one jamal-ski dem from new york city-ah
What dey call me, bdp posse an' a
Jamal now can rewind stylee
Rewind circulate, never ever imitate
When me hold pon the microphone, say me lyrics dem great
Test me, and you'll, test your fate
Blam! blam!jamal now can know yes you are the don an' a
Come in now krs-one, an' a

[krs-one]
Ma-ma, ma-ma, ma
Ma-ma, ma-ma, ma
Ma-ma-ma-ma, ma
Me a melt down the sound-ah
Melt down the sound, come mi say melt down the sound-ah
Krs-one, the master of the verb and noun ah
Jump in the dance and my skin is yes browner
Kings, mash up, crown
Queen, rip up, dancehall gown ah
Every posse know that we ah rule every sound
Jump up in the dance and run every town ah
Dj, nuff, clown
Come up in the dance, bucks em right down ah
If you a prince we'll flood ya and you drown ah
Krs-one ah, mash up better sound ah
Satan in the dance, we a mash right down ah
Down, to the ground
Krs him have the number one sound
Sound sound sound, sound-sound sound sound sound
Number one sound what in creation
Play with yourself it's called masturbation
Chop it off, castration
Jesus christ get the crucifixion
Three days later, resurrection
He's comin back, read revelation
Close the book, pick up your gun
And fight in the african revolution
Righteous man, get liberation
Wicked man get execution
It's called the battle of armageddeon
Through my mouth is a translation
Unto recknoning to circulation
Nuff african education
Dj kenny parker yes you are the don
Edutainer teach nuff wisdom

Chorus: krs-one

It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud
It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound
But scott larock, you're gonna make the party live
It takes

1 dee jay, jigga jay ah jay ah jay
Ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay ah jay
It takes 1, jigga jay jay, a jigga jay jay

Ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay
It takes a jigga to your face, a jigga jay jay
Ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay, a jigga jigga
1 a jay jay a jay jigga jay a jay
1 jigga jay a jigga jay a jigga jay a
1..

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"30 Cops Or More"

[krs-one]
When they arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now
When they arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

If you a black herb smuggler
They will, watch you by the hour
It only means that if you have more money
Then you have more power
They will come in the night
And they will read you your rights
There is no need to fight
If you're black there is no need to fight

But when them come to arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now
When they arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

Years ago a black man couldn't be a cop
They could only be great dancers
When the whole police department was white
Justice, was the black panthers
We've been robbed of our religion
Our government and social position
And you won't see no quick solution
Until you see the black revolution

But when them come to arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now
When they arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

"he's gonna get across the border before we can catch him"
dogs barking
"just let me draw a bead on his black ass and he's dead"
dogs barking

They arrest us by the hour
Cause the black man in the ghetto has power
If he would wake up and unite
The police department would lose the fight

But when them come to arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now
When they arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

If you a black herb smuggler
They will, watch you by the hour
It only means that if you have more money
Then you have more power
They will come in the night
And they will read you your rights
There is no need to fight
If you're black there is no need to fight

But when them come to arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now
When they arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

"he's gonna get across the border before we can catch him"
dogs barking
"just let me draw a bead on his black ass and he's dead"
dogs barking
"he's gonna make it"
"let the dogs go!"
"no I won't do it!"
"he's got full, they've only got two"
"they'll tear him apart, I won't do it"
"let the dogs go!"
"turn loose those dogs!"

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Exhibit F"

[krs-one]
When you realize you have this army, or one concept, one thought, one
Movement, one action; you have what is called a revolution. but the
More we stay seperated, and the more we don't understand the concept of
The eye, that is within all of us, then we will constantly constantly
Lose, every single battle, from day one to day forever. thank you,
We'll take questions. *clapping, applause, and shouting*

BDP
BOOGIE DOWN PRODUCTIONS
SEX AND VIOLENCE
ROBT.

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Original Way"

Intro:[KRS]

Yes all ruffneck youth hold tight

all brooklyn man hold tight

all Uptown crew hold tight

all Bronx man seckle

I.C.U. in da house, Darren in da house

D Square in da house, Freddie Foxx in da house

Kenny Parker you know you run beats for years

It's the Blastmaster KRS One stompin all sucka dj crew

Of course you hear all commerialized album

but we come down ruffneck and wicked in the B.D.P. laboratory

On the sex and violence tip this year for 1992

Lick all shots

BOUYAKA!

All crew hold tight...nuff respect

nuff respect to all hardcore dj

no respect to all commercial dj

we bust shots all the way over to the west coast...see

now we gonna come down ruffneck, for the day

cuz its because B.D.P. crew dont play

Come Down! Kenny Parker cuz you know you a ruffneck

A one-two yeah, one-two hah and ya dont stop

we gon rock this beat til ya drop

now we gon kick it a lil somethin like this yall

we got Freddie Foxx and Krs One on the microphone

something ya not, ya not ready for as of yet

Now check it out

Chorus

Tribe Called Quest has a title(TITLE!)

Kid Capri dem have a title(TITLE!)

Flavor Unit has a title(TITLE)

EPMD dem have a title(TITLE)

BUCK BUCK BUCK!

Me a de don-don, de don-dong, de dong-dong diggide

de dong-dong, de dong-dong, de dong-dong diggide

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

now Freddie Foxx...you know you get ill jus

get on the mic cuz your programmed to kill!

[Freddie FOXX]

Check this shit out, this is for my man Blastmaster Krs One

and if you ever have a son, Im a buy him a gun

Check this out

Give that microphone

so I can take it to the front line

cuz In a rap war, I shoot off rhymes

and sound off a park like an M-16

when I hit the scene, suckas turn green

cuz I take the microphone and then I disrespect it

and then I disect it,

put it back together

lyrics or knuckles man whatever

cuz you tried to step into a lyrical punch

I had you all for lunch and took a shit

out came a hit,

you suckas betta quit

Fuckin wit Freddie Foxx you get licked

now listen all respect due to the Blastmaster Krs One

Now Im done.....

[krs]

yes but of course, you could never be done

because we a de number 1

so check it out...

Chorus

Tribe Called Quest has a title(TITLE!)

Flavor Unit has a title(TITLE!)

Nice and Smooth has a title(TITLE!)

Kid Capri dem have a title(TITLE!)

BUCK BUCK BUCK!

Me a de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Check it out...

[Krs]

Now all type things that went on this evening

they all say they fresh but I'm here now

who you believin

who couldn't hear a hit if you hit up

what a pity, you tried to be quick wit the tongue

your style is dibbie-dibbie

you need no lyrical rush in your mumblin

whatchu sayin?

I serve you up like stove top stuffing

Im gonna say this once and I mean this

disattach yaself from my penis

give my genitals room to breathe

you take shots at me wit a weak album I cant believe

you got no skills, chill plus your corny

you think your hardcore cuz you got a 40?

my car is not tint

I dont eat wit a chip

when I read I dont squint

in real life I got the hard shit

you cant out grow me

you don't even know me

I be leavin the jam wit your black ass as a trophy

this is nobodys style but the teacher

so dont compare me to none of these creatures, features

feature and battle rappers

krs one is the head clapper

Chorus

Nice & Smooth dem have a title(TITLE)

Flavor Unit has a title(TITLE)

Nice & Smooth dem have a title(TITLE)

Kid Capri have a title

Buck! Buck! Buck!

Me a de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Outro:

Yes all roughneck youth hold tight

1992 style and we come down roughneck and wicked

rock all night rip up the mic

now we take you over to Kid Capri up in the park

Come Down Kid Capri

[Kid Capri]

Ladies and Gentlemen without further adue

put your hands together for my motherfuckin main man

ooh..ha ha ha..you know where that comes from right??

that comes from the parties and blowin up

Ladies and Gentlemen my peoples

B D P

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Duck Down"

You say ah-one for the trouble, two for the time
Ah-come on y'all, let's rock that...

Duck! or wind up down!!
Fiyah! huh
Pal joey in the house, d square in the house
Check it out

You're stuck up, your luck's up, you fucked up, you're mud up
You can't even jump up, so shut the fuck up
Whattup? tough love, buck buck bucka
Is all you're gonna hear when krs-one step up
I'm thick like syrup, no, I'm not ? kura?
Sit back and relax and watch the krs era
No I won't let up, because of how I'm set up
I come in the jam with the crazy fresh lyrics so you get up
Mc's get wet up, they met up with atypical
Subliminal, I'm original metaphysical criminal minder
Fighter, petty gangster that flips em neither
I simply grab the mic and make the party get liver
I'ma, rhymer, with a tim-er attack
To your mind, a reminder of what kind of headliner
You'll see, when you come to the show
Blastmaster krs-one, leo -- the lion
Cryin mc's they be cryin
When they sizzle in a big pot grease beggin, "please, please!"
But I'll be efficient and flexin wisdom cuisine
Then dismiss it as kris and kenny
Rockin many, good n plenty
Any mc tests me gets done
Lyrically hung, I surgically remove his tongue
Lyrics by krs-one

Duck! sucker mc's duck!
Bo! duck down!
Sucker mc's duck!
Duck! sucker mc's duck down!

I don't battle to lose or win, I battle
To ruin your whole career, yo, watch what you doin
I'm permanent punk, like a metallic marker
Krs-one, but you'll call me mr. parker
A pity I'm k-r, you ain't no superstar

Ha ha hee hee, blastmaster krs-one be
Ripping up mc's with their meaningless words, y'know
There's more wit, to one of my turds of shit
You ain't shit, you never was shit
So I spit, on your number one hit, now quit!
Leave the poetry, it's just too strong for thee
Maybe we should rethink the strategy see
Poetry I speak, fluently I think youse a sucker
Cause the only word you know is motherfucker
Yo, you don't see a whole race in bondage
No, you grab the microphone and feed em garbage
Yo, everything about me is fresher than fresher
Than fresher than fresh, of course it's krs
Flashing lyrics, metaphysics, unlike you idiots
Be doing, I'm pursuing, chewing your whole crew
And what you feel like doin, your face they be ungluin
Like a gift, don't step to krs, you're dismissed!

Duck! duck!
Sucker mc's duck down!
Duck! bo!
Ree-winnnnnd!!

Duck! bo!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Drug Dealer"

All over the world...

Chorus:

Black drug dealer, you have to wise up
And organize your business so that we can rise up
If your gonna sell crack then don't be a fool
Organize your money and open up a school

Verse one:

Drug dealer, understand historical fact
Every race got ahead from sellin drugs except black
We are under attack, here comes another cold fact
In the 30's and 40's a drug dealer wasn't black
They were jewish, italian, irish, polish, etc. etc.
Now in 90 their live's a lot better
They'll sell you a sweater, a pair of pants cold hearted
But first sellin drugs and killin people is how they started
Drug dealer, black and hispanic, stop killin one another
Cause in the ghetto we're all brothers
Organized economically, understand the psychology
America is the drug monopoly
They own the block and kill your brother for
Therefore, we got the same enemy - what's more, I go on tour
But who do you think picks up the bill?
A hard workin fireman? chill

Repeat chorus 2x

Verse two:

Eighty percent of american business is created illegally
This is a fact I don't ask you to believe in me
If you're really in the drug game to win it
Eventually you're gonna get shot, open a clinic
Again, if you're really in the drug game to win it
Invest in a prison, therefore you can be put in it
Everyone else did it now they chillin
Above the law, while your under the law still killin
One another, wake up my hispanic brother, my african brother
America's not your mother
Or your father, so don't bother with right or wrong

Just check out the logic in the song
Organize, realize, become unhypnotized
To the lies that your livin for the get high
See many people have forgotten the fact
That america was never ever built for black
So when some people are gonna run and buy crack
Take the money and put it back into black
It's only logic, see krs-one will rock it
With knowledge, education for the people I'll never stop it
Organize and legitimize your business
Remember, everybody else did this

Repeat chorus 2x

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Like A Throttle"

[krs-one]
snapping fingers and singing
Ha ha, hah hah! da-doo-doo-doo, do-doo

You wanna test me are you stupid?
Gotta be out of your fuckin mind
Krs-one is the don, seen?
Come down kenny park-ah!!

Hahaha, you know
I don't know what your management be tellin you
I don't know what your producers be tellin you
But yo, you step this way
You're gettin played, out of position
So let me give you a little style

Check it out
Everytime krs-one steps in the jam
The party is packed, he got the mic in his hand
Brooklyn's ready uptown's in the house
Kenny drops the beat and we turn the party out
That's it! none of the gimmicks, tricks, oh it's
You either have the hits, or the crazy hype lyrics
But mc's come half-assed, and lookin pitiful
None of em lyrical but their ego is critical
Like I said I'm not a muslim but to allah I'm obedient
Some mc's on the mic become muslims when it's convenient
And I've seen it!
Real muslims praise allah, and they mean it
Others are dreamin it with sex me and do me and
I'd rather listen to the brand nubians
You know it's funny everybody wants money
And material things from cars and chicken wings
When they sing, they sing for the cash
They fail to realize, respect will outlast cash
You get respect by bein creative
And yes a native to your audience, so you know reality
In other words, if you ain't a gangsta why play you a gangsta?
If you ain't a hoe, why sell sex?
If you believe in allah, how is it you can only work when there's a check?
All of this is incorrect
First should always come respect
The charts are not equal to the respect of the people

Their respect doesn't weeble or wobble
They know the difference from an artist and a lip-syncin model
Right on stage, you'll get a bottle
You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle

I'm the freshest thing on the mic don't mess with me
I'm fresher than your grandmother's fried chicken recipe
Don't test me, you ain't a chemist and I sure ain't chemistry
You're not a mathematician and my name ain't geometry
You're no astronomer why see me as astronomy
But I'm a parker so I'll play you like monopoly
Don't entertain the thought of droppin me
To think of me as anything less than your teacher
Crazy you got to be
These type of lyrical styles cannot be said sloppily
I rip it up constantly
You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle

The teacher will come, again and again and again and again
To set the trend and lend to other men a perfect blend
So-when-their-lyrics-finish-krs-one-just-begin
Ripping up sucker teachers put their courage to an end
So once again, the trendsetter comes a lot better
Forever too clever for a petty mc in leather
Whenever they decide, whatever I'm in sync
The lyrics I write, help me think
To guide ink off the paper through the air smack in your face
And erase in haste the rhymes you embrace
Just in case, get the fuck out my face I run this place
You're lucky you're from the same race
A simple technique will keep you on beat
With the style from the street you compete with the elite
That's weak -- flashin gold and can't speak
I seek the direction of the brown complexion
So every year, I appear somewhere
That you hear my dear to get one thing clear
Whether on welfare or millionaire
Don't step to this here or you outta here
Allow me now to please change the gear
? and-pick-up-the-mic-you-missed-those-happen-around-me-have-me-feared, come!?
? we come in the dance we haffa likka of a shot an towah?
Let's get back to the hip-hop
You come into the place you can't look in my face
Cause the light is bright and I'm towering in height
See there are millions of stars in the sky
When the sun appears none are visible to the eye
Why, the reason is the sun is the sun
You can't possibly rock, until I'm done
And finished, and like the evening I'll fade

But when I return you'll cry for more shade
So check the dancestyle cause I am not
Softening up it's time that I rock and sing
Not about my ding-a-ling-a-ling!
But instead bring intellect pon ting
Cause you can inject ignorance in rap
But kenny parker ain't tryin to hear that

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Build & Destroy"

[kenny]yeah.. whoo! aiyyo will?
[will]whassup kenny?
[kenny]i got a serious problem man
[will]what's the problem?
[kenny]yo after all these years of rippin shit
These suckers still try to front!
[will]but check this out we've been on tour
With everybody so I don't know why they frontin
[kenny]everybody!
Y'all be in every party I be in every jam
I see they faces and they look at me and front
[will]they come to every show and know we
Break shit up all the time
[kenny]you know what.. yo kris, what's your opinion?

[krs-one]
Yo, I love the way I am and can't nobody out here change me
Rearrange me, tame me, try to game me, you don't play me
When I grab the mic then shock the party spot
Your rhymes are flip-flop, I'll rock, hip-hop
Non-stop, me nah stop rock
You can touch this, but you'll get shot
Now what's this all about? kris and humanity
In my face you're happy, on vinyl you're mad at me
Yo, pro-blackness is your solution
But I don't really know about that style you using yo
Too many teachers in the class spoil the class
After awhile you got blabbering fucking fools
That's worse than always talking about sex, let's build
It ain't enough to study clarence 13x
The white man ain't the devil I promise
You want to see the devil take a look at clarence thomas
Now you're saying, "who? " like you a owl
Throw in the towel, the devil is colin powell
You talk about being african and being black
Colin powell's black, but libya he'll attack
Libya's in africa, but a black man
Will lead a black man, to fight against his homeland
An accomplice to the devil is a devil too
The devil is anti-human, who the hell are you?
I lecture and rap without rehearsal
I manifest as a black man but I'm universal
The capital k, small r-i-s

Capital p, small a-r, capital k, small e-r
We are, the star
Without the use of a car we go far
I build and destroy!

[kenny]yeah kris, serve em man, serve em!
[will]yo why're they so jealous of bdp?
[kenny]i don't know will.. yo don't get mad, get fresh man!
[will]word
[krs]don't ever try to challenge bdp!
[kenny]man.. just shut the fuck up and listen!

[krs-one]
This shit is crazy! your remarks don't faze me!
People have a problem with me, cause I ain't lazy
I talk on vinyl then I act
What have you done, besides critique krs-one?
I create organizations
Without organization, there'll be no black nation
What the fuck are you really saying?
You ain't a human while your music's boomin anti-human
I'm assumin -- if you ain't human you're a beast
The white man could be the devil all the day, that's the least
What are you doing for yourself black man?
Trying hard to be the original man - who?
The first man, with the first tan, on the first land
With the first clan, who gives a damn? ? ? !
In history krs is well advised
But it's something that my brain won't memorize
I don't base my whole life on memory
I base my life on my spirit and body chemistry
Africa is the home of humanity
Which makes the african a humanist, challenge me
You gotta learn not to be so concerned
With the original man, and see the criminal man, yeah!
The now man, with the now plan, with the now tan
With the right now genocide master plan
Damn! we gotta think about stopping this
God is not any black man on the land; God is conciousness
When you understand this you'll see kris
Until then, you can get dissed
I'm not your prophet, messiah, minister, or savior
Chill with that I'll behavior
I zero in like a laser
You're cuttin your wrists with a razor
I got all type of flavors
Yes I am the original teacher
You gotta study the qu'ran, torah, bahavaghita
The bible, five baskets of buddha zen

And when you've read them shits, read them shits again!
But watch what you're repeatin
If you don't know the history of the author
You don't know what you're reading!
Yeah I'm still the original
Leaving mc's lyrically miserable
Their criminal syllables are minimal, show me respect boy
Cause I build and destroy!

[kenny]now.. after all that
If anybody out there still got beef, check it out
We rip the lecture tours, we rip the beats
We rip the jams, we'll straight up rip that ass
Knowhati'msayin will?
[will]word!
[krs]yeah it seems they all forgot
On the mic you'll get fucked up
In the clubs you'll get fucked up
Anywhere bronx brooklyn queens manhattan
Jersey japan staten isle.. yo anywhere you'll get fucked up
Don't you know we live for the battle?
I'm outta here
Yo cut that beat off

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Ruff Ruff"

[krs-one] * voice echoing*
Think you dope? want this title?
Then you better come step up or step off!

[freddie foxxx]
Yo check this out, all jokes aside
Let's get busy

[krs-one]
Word! blastmaster krs-one in the house
Hah, everybody for some reason wanna be a gangsta
You don't know nuttin about bein no gangsta

[freddie foxxx]
Worrrrrrrd up! aiyyo check this out
This is freddie f-o-x-x-x
And guess what's next

[krs-one]
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack
They jump pon the mic, an' wan fi do it like dat
But ahh, now dis a krs, me nah takes dat
When me open up to work, I put a cape on me back
Then me, fly all around the emcee world
Krs, the artical, is not to be [*changes from patois*]
Fucked with, ? with, or tampered with
Don't give a fuck if you wanna riff
But when you say kris, already derivative of kris
My eyebrows lift and that ass I get with (huh)
As a matter of fact, I attack, hijack
Set back, your career, like a quarterback
That broke his back, my tongue is like a bat
Your eye'll get black, you'll need an icepack (rrrrruff!)
I'm all that, come with your whole pack
You'll be prayin to the God of isaac
So freddie foxxx, it's time to get tough [uh-huh]
Just, get on the mic and get ruff, ruff

[freddie foxxx]

Soon as I flex, cause I'm about to rip up shop
It's the return of the hip-hop master, freddie the foxxx
(bo!) rappers that see me, don't even speak, just walk
Cause I'm the maddest nigga in new york (hah!)
I see a rapper in the crowd that I don't like
I wanna fight, so when I drop the mic
I'ma jump off the stage, bumrush your crowd to whip
(suckers) that wanna be pimps
How I heard it said that a pimp'll sell his ass
If his hoe won't, but freddie foxxx don't
Cover your chest g, you better wear a bulletproof vest see
Cause I'm about to leave this place a motherfuckin mess
Open hearts on the floor as I explore
Rappers that wanted to be more than number four
Number one's a hard spot; either you fight
Or get shot, so this is what I got (bo!)
Three tec-9's, my uzi, ten grenades, my razor blades
And I aim to get paid!
So who wanna step to this, don't come soft
Cause i'ma straight up knock niggaz off (pom! pom!)
And when the cops come to get me
I'ma take a dead body, and bop ten cops with me
I'm sick and tired of hearin rappers talk smack
About who's nice, and who's whack, motherfuck that
They know my style, and my rep, every stage
That I stepped on - I was the rapper they slept on
But y'all rappers keep sleepin - cause when they plant
Bombs in your house, i'ma wake you up and punch you
In your motherfuckin mouth, knock your wife out
Take your sons to safety, cause they're just kids
And I wanna raise em to face me
And when they get a little bigga
I'ma mark them little niggaz, and put their fingerprints
On the trigger -- double homicide, call the vice
Another rapper and his family with no life
Yeah you're mr. tough and, you're full of stuff and
And freddie foxxx caught you bluffin
I got you in my torture chamber and you scream
Oh God damn, it's like _silence of the lambs_
But I don't mangle em and eat em
I take mc's to the war zone, and there I defeat em
It gets much worse, with every verse
As the f-r-e-d-d-i-e f-o-x-x-x, hurts!
Punishes, stomps, smashes, crushes, maims
You suckers know my name!
Aiyyo kris! I'm rhymin long enough (say what?)
Get on the mic and get ruff, ruff

[krs-one]

This is the year that I go all out (why?)
Edutainment's what I'm all about (and)
I don't eat franks with the sauerkraut (cause)
Because I don't eat pork from the tail to the snout
(well kick it) get on down, to the hip hip hop
Before I start, peace to scott larock! (word)
Now let me drop the style that has action
Cause many mc's don't believe they're rappin
They're lost, crazy mixed-up in their identity
This is not, what hip-hop is meant to be (word up)
I come unique, I can't be beat, hardcore street
For the kids, with a hundred-and-fifty on their feet
(kick it) I don't compete, I defeat and delete ya
Then critique ya, all mc's retreat, here comes the t'cha
Chewin suckers like smuckers
Hittin on, sittin on, shittin on, flippin on motherfuckers
Yeah, I'm like the movie _aliens_
I hide inside your right hand man, when you think you got me
Bam! my head comes out your chest
A mutilated mess of nastyness
Chunks of bloody flesh, yes krs on the slaughter
Specialize in instant rhyme style, you simply add water
Evian, I pull the string then
Ring-ding-ding, ding-ding-ding-ding
Back in the days, I wrote +south bronx+
The juice crew got stomped, lick two shot
Pom! pom! really it was magic's fault
Always wanna diss somebody, he got put to a halt
It's wack, when a sucker dj babbles on
Soupin up mc's to battle on song
That's wrong, but in any event, I drop the classic
In 1992 the original it ain't plastic
Everybody know, bdp, is fantastic, burn like acid
Credit card plastic, stretch like elastic
Love and respect is the tactic
Bam! in your motherfuckin face
Krs in the place
I never liked listening to bitches and hoes anyway
(fi-yah!)

[freddie foxxx]
Well you know I like hoes, cause I'm a mack
But I don't like the wack tracks, youknowhati'msayin?
And for all your suckers out there
That underestimate the militant mack, get the bo-zack
You know what I mean? (word) word!

[krs-one]
You know why?

Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat
Every posse wan fi chat, but ya knows dey is wack
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, you know dem a wack
Every posse wan fi chat, but ya knows dey is wack

[freddie foxxx]
Yes.. fresh.. for nineteen-ninety-two you suckers * echoes *

[krs-one]
Motherfuckers! brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr! * echoes to fade *

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"13 & Good"

I walked in the place very big space
Every kind of race dancin' and niggas made chase
A very pretty face, feel the bass
Basses kick, flygirl jumps on my tip
The drink that I sip implies this it it
She looked to be about 26 I ain't dizzy
It's time to get busy!!
Welcome female is in my arms.
Overwhelmed by my playboy charms
We jumped in the ride rushed to the crib
I ain't gotta explain what we did
Built to last I simply waxed that
Ax the question, no need for guessin'
Hey baby, how old are you?
21 24 maybe 22
I'm twenty five
She shucked and kinda neeghed
And said, "hee, hee, hee I'm only 13"
13!! I need a quick escape
That's statutory rape
But she was good!

Chorus:
Good!
(you should been there she was)
Good!
(man that jail term won't be)
Good!
(but she looked)
Good!
(man her brothers will beat you)
Good!!
(even if I get beat down it was still)
Good!!

The story gets better, this girl is kinda clever
She said, "i wanna be with you forever"
I said, "forget it I need to get my life in order
You could almost be my daughter"
She started sighin' and her sighin' turns into cryin'
Her cryin' turns into her replyin'
"where's the phone? . I think it's time that I went home"
She called her pops and said, "come get me I'm all alone

I'm sorry daddy I slept with an older man"
He said, "don't worry. the 45 is in my hand.
I'll be there before you count to four."
One two three four
He's at my door
She said, "see what you did you caused me all this grief.
Your goin' to jail my daddy's a police chief.
If I can't have you no one will.
And I ain't even on the pill."
But you was

Chorus: repeat 6x
Good!!

Daddy walked in and the whole scene kinda changed
He grabbed his daughter and almost beat the girl insane
She's cryin' down the hall and now goin' home
He closed the door and, "i'm happy we're all alone
Jump on the bed and look me straight into my eyes
I think your kinda cute, don't make me use my 45"
Daddy's lookin' for a lubricant
He pulled out a little piece of gum and started chemwin' it
He said, "for year I've been lookin for a big strong man
I've got an apartment out in brooklyn
Only my daughter and I live there
You can see my daughter anytime, anywhere
But it's you that I want to be mine
The price tag is your behind
Don't worry it'll be

Chorus:

Good!!

The morale of this story?
There is no morale you finish the story for me
When your livin' your life everyday in the hood
Wakin' up in the mornin' should feel

Good!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Poisonous Product"

Back off, crack off, slack off
Act off your instinct
And think in a wink, or blink
I'll make your body shrink
I use ink and memory, my record companies selling me
My fans be telling me I'm the greatest
You hate this, rigid, metaphysical, criminal mided poet
Don't blow it, if it's lost, I'll show it
If it's torn, I'll sew it
It's kinda off beat yeah I know it
The styles I originate, I don't wait for fate
I practice love not hate
But mcs get ache
They wait and hesitate on the act
But always can debate on that trivial fact
This is krs and I'm black!
Same color as the brothers in iraq
War is wack, especially when you die in vain
Bush invaded panama, how can you really place blame on hussein?
Regardless of the name, the insane economic game has got to change
Like a range rover over the plains
I come equipped to rip shit
Not ignorant, intelligent - artistic - inquisitive - poisitive and negative
The sedative is the poetry I give
How yah live krs is in the house!

The poisonous product (is) pimped out to poor people
Penetrates pieces of their thinking equal
It comes in peaceful thru the "tell-lie-vision"
Distorts your vision
Now the lies got you wishin' thru transmission
You wanna be a better christitan
You wake up sunday mornin' to watch "tell-lie-vision"
Mission - christians be sayin "accept jesus in your life"
Christianaty was founded 400 years after christ
What are you accepitng in your life?
Christianty or the teachings of christ?
Make up your mind, they're not the same thing
In 1992 the blind leads the blind
Right into the ground they can't show you where God is
Because they haven't found!

First - put down your Bible and release your sins

The Bible is dead, God is alive
Within, metaphysically speaking, I'll be clear
You wanna see god? take a look in the mirror!
A tree is always known by it's fruit
A human being can walk up right or crawl like a brute
Yeah, now who do you salute? the barbarian teaches us to hate our roots!
Despise our culutre, look for culture in another man's existance
Resist this - resist this master plan...
To turn the black man into a statistic
Why? 'cause he's materialistic
He wants to make a record but thru none of the logistics of it
Love it or leave it alone
Blastmaster krs is on the microphone
In the houuuuuseee...

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Questions & Answers"

Yo kris whassup this press stuff man?
Yo I don't money, I don't know, they frontin
Yo why we don't get no respect?
I don't know man
They got all them gangsta lookalike, know y'know
But you know what?
All them fraud magazines I'm tired of
I'm tired of us not bein on no covers
But you know what?
We rock the streets, anyway
Regardless to what anybody say
Well well, yo yo, I tell you
As long as you rip up the streets
You don't gotta have no press, youknowhati'msayin?
That's right
As long as you stay true to the streets
All these wannabe black, black, black
Black nuttin - you know, chewin all that black
Cause they ain't really reportin nuttin on no black nuttin
They wanna be right, and they wanna be, rap, and..
That's why I read the final call
The final call got it goin on, youknowhati'msayin?
Yeah
I mean, if you really wanna check out somethin black
I mean, all these other magazines, they got
They can only show you the light-skinned girl
Or the light-skinned guy, and all of that, yaknowhati'msayin?
I ain't with all that nonsense
Ha hah, we won't name any names
But they know who they are though!
Ha hah, knowhati'msayin? watch yourself
I don't know why we can't get no covers though!
Yo kris, I don't why
Cause we just slammin everywhere we go
Yo, bdp been rockin for like six years now
Six long hard rough years, youknowhati'msayin?
And, and for some reason
Everytime these commercial acts come out
They get the cover the first..
They could drop a twelve inch single
And they be snatchin up the cover
You know why? cause they don't wanna deal with reality
In any of these magazines

Hey kris, I got the answer to all your problems
What's that?
Just interview yourself
Interview myself?
Yeah!
Aight check it out
Kick it!

[krs-one]
Question: why everything you do is fresh?
Answer: my name, blastmaster krs
Question: you only write reality, why?
Answer: no time to waste, our people are going to die
Question: going to die? please explain this topic
Answer: some people are using ignorance to make a profit
Question: how do we stop it?
Answer: throw em in a jail cell and lock it
Question: why, are people so stupid?
Answer: they got a brain and fail to use it
Question: how did it get like this?
Answer: people are more worried about ass and tits and
Little bits of information
The barbarians teach us just to be barbarians in the nation
This new creation
Takes on the manifestation of the board of education
Question: what's the solution?
Answer: organized, revolution
Question: revolution implies killing..
Answer: whether you fight or talk, the blood is
Still spilling, and we're chilling
Thinking of our history as elmer fudd
Everything, black people got in this country
They got through shedding their blood, word!

But they ain't gonna print all that
They too concerned about what you wearin
What kind of benz you got, or bm
But I think this year
Since we knockin all these sucker frauds out,
You might get some press
But when you talk that conciousness -
Nobody wants to listen
Word up, it's a crying shame though
I, ah-i tell you this though
If I was talkin sex and all that nonsense
I'd get all the covers
Yo kris, just chill, and interview yourself
That's what I like to hear
Aight aight check it out

[krs-one]
Everything you learned in law school
Can be taught, when you're six years old
But they make you wait and wait and wait and wait
And wait, and of course, the information, is then sold
But what if you can't afford to pay?
You walk around ignorant all day!
The pimp don't care, it's really your decision
Kick up that money hoe!! oh, I mean tuition
They be dissin, that ass you be kissin
Sittin in a room with a liar, and you must listen
Question: who are you dissin?
Answer: the concept that turns a rapper, into a dancer
Question: are you really all that fresh?
Answer: yes, yes.. yes!
Or, "si," to the people speakin spanish
You better make use of krs, before he vanish

But all these magazines'll vanish before you will
They better start printin the real real hip-hop
From bdp
Yo yo but check it out will
They ain't interested in no real hip-hop
They ain't interested in graffiti art, breakdancin
And real rap music, they just wanna know where the money is
Why why why?
Yo I think some of these journalists
Need to start gettin punched in they face
Hah, I got a big fist

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Say Gal"

This one hyah, is a must
Let top selector crush y'all with skill
Cause ya know it's so skillful
Long time for reggae music no hip-hop music
Could take it with said speed
So come.. bust!

[krs-one]
All you see in the newspapers nowadays
Is nuff gal talk bout them been raped
And them been molested and them been beat up
And them been all sexed up, seen? hahahah
But now krs-one comes to give you this
Come down, come down, come down

Well now you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me
You're creepin and you're sleepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me

Say gal!why you comin to the hotel?
Say gal! you wan good sex we can tell?
Say gal! your skirt so tight it hug your butt
Say gal! you're lookin like you really want.. want..
Gal!don't tell me you can wear what you want
Cause nowadays a most dem gal a dressin like a slut
Say gal!a woman must, respect herself
Say gal!so leave the see-through dress upon the shelf

Because you're creepin and you're sleepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me
You're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me

Say gal! you don't wan man call ya bitch
Say gal! you walk down the street with a switch
Say gal! have the answer, control your body
Say gal! you know you kyan't test me
You wanna hug me, you're kinda sexy
But if me rush up an' feel your body
Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"
Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"

Because you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me
You're creepin and you're sleepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me

..

Say gal! krs keep one lady
Say gal! all ya kind, nah nobody rush me
Say gal! at the show, ya move ya body
But, I better show now what ya wan' with me
Don't try to set me up now witcha own demo tape
Don't try to set me up now wit the statuatory rape
You wanna hug me, and try to sex me
But if me rush up an' feel your body
Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"
Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"

Because you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me
Reeeeeeeeeeewind!

Now all hip-hop reggae crew
Hip-hop reggae crew in holland
Hip-hop reggae crew in london
Hip-hop reggae crew in germany
Hip-hop reggae crew in japan
Hip-hop reggae crew in l.a.
Hip-hop reggae crew in new york
We run tings every single time
Sydney mills, krs-one, kenny parker, d-square, seen?
Now all golddigger hold tight

Say gal! why you comin to the hotel?
Say gal!you wan good sex you can tell?
Say gal! your skirt so tight it hug your butt
Say gal!you're lookin you really want.. want..
Gal! don't say ya wear what ya want
Cause nowadays most gal dress like a slut
Say gal! a woman must, respect herself
Say gal! so leave that see-through dress up on the shelf

Because you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me
You're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me

..

[kenny parker]
This should take five seconds
Yo, this is dj kenny parker in the house
I just wanna say peace to my man bizmarkie
Epmd, de la soul, a tribe called quest
Shabba ranks, ice-t over on the west coast
Nice and smooth, gangstarr
And umm kid capri
And yo check out this next beat
Cause it's kinda funky!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"We In There"

Yeah.. ahh, back to that old shit!
For all you fake-ass teachers out there
Aiyyo kris.. break this shit up!

[krs-one]
The type of lyrical terrorism I present
Educates people, at the same time pays my rent
You've been hearin me now for the past twelve semesters
When the suckers stepped up, I had to use the drastic measures
I know you want to step to me kid!
But you're thinkin, "damn, kris is kinda big!"
Plus he rolls wit a crew that don't care
And drops a hit album, hit video, hit single every year
From your eye drops a tear
I don't play that shit, I play that hit
Your whole gangsta image is not legit
You heard _criminal minded_, and bit the whole shit
Now if I punch you in your face I'd be wrong
Don't even think about battling with a song
You'll be gone, your career ain't strong enough to call my bluff
You ain't rough, you ain't tough, you'll be handcuffed
With your ribcage crushed
Naked in a box, with multicolored tube socks
You know my fuckin name
Blastmaster krs is thinkin long range!

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (repeat 4x)

[krs-one]
They are in there, like you'll soon be in prison
(you await and this is faggot, your ass you'll be given)
Who you kiddin? you're only tryin to rock a party
You ain't really down to shoot nobody
So why you frontin? sayin from the cops you be runnin
In jail in a pair of panties you look just stunning
You pop all that wannabe shit on vinyl
Until your ass is bein pumped by some faggot named lionel
In jail you ain't got respect
You a fairy, I'll be takin your commisary
And the picture of your sister, mister
As seamy as pee-wee herman, I ain't trying to diss her
This ain't no bullshit game and I ain't changed
I'm just thinkin long range

People died so I can rhyme..
You think I'm gonna grab the mic and waste my nation's time?
Step up with that weak shit
You're psychologically, historically, and spiritually sick
Plus you're on my dick
Changin the subject, your rhyme style ain't correct
You know my fuckin name!
Blastmaster krs is thinking long range!

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (*repeats*)

Krs.. kenny parker.. willie d.. from long island
Heather b.. ska-danks..
D-square.. sidney mills..
Ha-ohhhh.. go brooklyn, go brooklyn!
Go bronx! (go brooklyn, go brooklyn!)
The bronx! yell southside bronx!
Southside bronx! southside bronx!
Southside bronx! southside bronx!
Southside bronx, arrrrrrrrrrrrrgh!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Sex & Violence"

Hu hah!
Hah! hah! hah! hah! hah!
And you just don't stop, fiyah!
And you just don't stop
Prince paul in the house, lick two shots
Come down!pom pom! pom pom!
Pom pom! check it out!

Sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and violence, we just can't take it
Sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and.. wheela!

Nuff man dem come again my selectin
On and on cause why? we run tings every time
Uptown massive just settle
Brooklyn chill out!
Now we come down ruff and wicked from the bronx, seen?
Come down my selector!

All crew just hold tight
Nuff respect, check it out!

R&b now run tings again an'
Rock'n'roll now run tings again an'
Commercial rap star run tings again
Pure hip-hop reggae run tings to the end, check it
Shabba ranks him inna hip-hop style
Ziggy marley inna hip-hop style
? ? ? inna hip-hop style
Krs-one in de dance, make a man go wild
Krs the artical don
Rock from ja-pan, all the way to brooklyn
Open in the bronx, at the puerto rican
In them ? area, say ooh no, bust shot
Me never listen to all them slow jam
They wanna talk bout a woman and man
Give me a jam that, is not a scam
Can you address mine self, who I am?

Check it!
Check it!

Me don't wan sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and violence, we just can't take it
Sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Look on the radio, them talk bout sex
Look man tv, there nuff violence
Krs him always make sense
But the radio station have no intelligence
Inna america the problem is immense
Inna england the problem is immense
Up in the bronx, yes the problem is immense
Every man and woman wan sex and violence
You kyan't see this it's, ignorance
You kyan't see there is no intelligence
You kyan't see there is no common sense
When you think of entertainment, there's sex and violence, so
R&b now run tings again an'
Country music now run tings again an'
Commercial rap now run tings again
Pure hip-hop reggae run tings to the end, check it
Check it!

What? me don't wan, sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and violence, we just can't take it
Sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Everybody inna hip-hop style
I.c.u. inna hip-hop style
Krs inna hip-hop style
Yes ? cause dance go wild
You never know see a kid learn quick
Him want money so him flash down lyric
Him want money so him flash down lyric
Pure, sucker screw but where him get it?
Sucker screw is entertainment
Sucker screw the people want it
Sucker screw but we revere it
So aids now becomes the epidemic

Me don't wan, sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and violence, we just can't take it
Sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and violence, we just can't take it

R&b now run tings again an'
Commercial rap now run tings again
R&b now run tings again

Country music you're lookin at your end
Krs the artical don!
A from japan all the way to brooklyn
Up in the bronx at the puerto rican
In them ? area, say ooh no, bust shot

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"How Not To Get Jerked"

"and now, a word from our sponsor.."

[krs-one]
Now technically speakin I ain't 'sposed to be doin this
Like givin information to the ones that are new to this
You wanna make a record and get into the business?
Here's a little plan from a six-year witness
First you gotta understand the music game
It's not about fame, it's about a rich name
And who you're down with, and who you clown with
But most of all, you got to have a gift ("it's like that")
Either music or the fresh lyrics
Or a vibe; people like to buy your spirit
Everybody knows krs-one is dope
To really see it, you gotta use a telescope, hah!
There's no hope when you're shoppin for a deal
Either sex appeal, or the hard street feel
But if you don't have a lawyer you're a goner
Don't even think about chillin in a sauna
You need a lawyer, and a good manager
Without this, the record companies won't be havin ya
So I'm grabbin ya now and showin ya how
Not to get jerked when you do hard work!

"it's like that y'all" *16x*

"one, two, three, whoo!"

[krs-one]
Yo, there's more to it, but let's get through it
Many mc's reached the top and then blew it
You say, "i knew it, that last jam was wack"
Either you're strung out on crack, or you don't wanna
Be black anymore, or, you don't wanna rap anymore
Or, you do a wack tour, or, you get in trouble with the law
Or, your fans you ignore, or, you get punched in the jaw
Cause, you're not hardcore!
What makes a jam isn't luck or fate
It's writin the jams that the people can relate to
Or else they'll hate you
The public will mark you down as a fake crew
You don't need allathat
Just rap from the heart and you'll have a good start

But a lot of mc's want girls
And wanna live on top of the world
In the jam they wanna flirt
Here's how not to get jerked when you do hard work!

"it's like that y'all" *16x*

[krs-one]
Now understand, rap is rebellious music
Therefore, only the rebel should use it
But pop artists abuse it
When the audience hears real rap, they boo it
See rap music is a culture
And everyone outside that culture is a vulture
The vulture makes money on the culture
Understand, I ain't tryin to insult ya
But you're either usin rap like the devil
Or you're pushin rap to another level
So don't wait for your company's promotions staff
Promote yourself with your own cash!
But this might mean you can't buy gold
You might have to put that on hold
Cause if the artist falls, they diss him!
But if the company falls, the artist falls with them!
This ain't about a tight skirt
Here's how not to get jerked when you do hard work!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Who Are The Pimps?"

Stick up!!!
All gwan put your hands up in de air
And turn around with your face to the ground
Stick up!!!

Here we go
Who are the pimps? Who are the pimps?
Wimps, sitting behind a desk
You only get a glimpse of the action or reaction
When you don't respond to them TAXING
You fuck a lot when you're tax exempt
Like with the church, the rules were somehow bent
The more money you make, the more money you can have
You lose your mind after a while trying to just
Grab and grab and grab and grab and grab
Until the pimps roll around real mad, what they say?
"Pick up that money hoe!"
You done all the work, but now a part of the show
You're a hoe, you pimped all around real fresh
Got letters on they chest spelling I, R, S
And they be taxing, asking, sitting back relaxing
Pimping asian, european, blacks and chicano
Hah hah! But they can't pimp a wino
Why? Because a wino don't want nuttin
It's when you try to get ahead they start frontin
Capitalism -- the system of pimps and hoes
I'm sorry that's the way it goes
In this particular system everyone's a slave
Racist is how they want us to behave
White Johnny, be fighting black Michael
Both are blind to the system's sick cycle
In a circle psychotically they slay each other
With a grin, because of color of a skin
"Pick up that money hoe!" (3X)

Now we don't want to get you all alarmed
A little education never did you no harm
When Africa's free the African will be free
Capitalism says we're ALL in slavery
They're not looking at the color of a human brother
April 15th they're looking at your mother!
"Pick up that money hoe!"
You work all week, and now your money has to go

To a pimp, and it's you that limp
They cut your check and take a tenth
Don't wanna hear no lip, about support of family
Cause on a piece of paper that's a fantasy
They don't care if you're in a bad mood
Your wife needs shoes, your kids need food
Uh-uh, pick up that money honey
The pimps so serious they're funny!
They'll look you straight into your face
And tell you that your money's going to a good place
Like Social Security or Welfare
But if you go to the Bahamas you'll see them all there
"Pick up that money hoe!" (4X)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Real Holy Place"

Why are metaphysical teachings forbidden?
Why are metaphysical teachings forbidden?
Why are metaphysical teachings forbidden?
The only way to talk to God is in church?
Hah hah hah, you must be kidding
For years they kept God hidden
Look for God in self, not in what's written
Turn this up and listen

If your slavemaster wasn't a christian you wouldn't be a christian
whip cracks
If your slavemaster wasn't a christian you wouldn't be a christian
whip cracks
If your slavemaster wasn't a christian you wouldn't be a christian!!!
whip cracks twice
Your whole culture's missing
Hebrews are african, see they originated judaism
The belief in one God is monotheism, see the truth is not hard
All you gotta know is the facts
When religion mixes with politics... it all gets wack

You gotta know your history, or they'll tell you that God is a mystery
And when you're born, you're born in sin
That's bullshit. that's bullshit!
They're only saying you can't win
You can't succeed, you can't acheive
Don't ask about god, just sit there and believe
Well I ain't tryin to hear that lesson
Cause one thing I know
Cause one thing I know
Cause one thing I know is that the truth can always be questioned
Yeah that's how I'm livin
Ask and ye shall be given
When you're lyin, hah hah hah, you got no answers
You got handclappers and a whole lotta dancers
In the church or sanctuary

They all forgot jesus was a revolutionary
They all forgot jesus was a revolutionary
They all forgot jesus was a revolutionary!!!
That hung out with criminals
I would say read the Bible but it's not the original
So it's really misleading

If you don't know the history of the author you don't know what you're reading
If you don't know the history of the author you don't know what you've read

You can't taste the nectar
That answers the question on why I do lectures
Cause where every mc claims to be the teacher, I be dissin professors
Keep that Bible on your shelf
God helps those that help themselves
Stop reading from a dead book

Stop reading from a dead book for a live god!
You know how stupid you look!
God reads the Bible with you
You both read the language of the devil that's dissing you
What can the next man do
With a Bible in his hand that you yourself can't do?
Whether christian, buddhist, muslim, or jew
Burning candles don't get you down with the universal crew

So why you dress up on easter and worship a false mary
That looks like mona lisa? hah hah, damn you lost
On christ-mas, what's the purpose of santa claus? *bells jingle*
On christ-mas, what's the purpose of santa claus? *bells keep jingling*
On christmas what's the purpose of santa claus!!!
Or saint nickalaus, I'm sick of this wickedness
All revolutionaries check this

I'm not synthetic
I'm not anti-christian, anti-muslim, anti-buddhist, or anti-semetic
But I will set it off in the temple
Cause the real holy place is mental
The real holy place is mental
The real holy place is mental *starts echoing*
The real holy place is mental *echoing a lot*
The real holy place is mental!
The real holy place is mental!!!

Mental-physical, metaphysical